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# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1883.

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Price Ten Cents.



## SALTED FOR THE SEASON.

THE CHILLING RECEPTION ACCORDED THE ADVANCES OF A SUSCEPTIBLE DUDE BY TWO BELLES OF THE LONG BRANCH BEACH WITH A WEAKNESS FOR REAL MEN.





RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Franklin Sq. and Dover St., N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING  
**SATURDAY, August 25, 1883.**

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#### A PERFECT HOWLER NEXT WEEK,

### NEW YORK NAKED;

OR,

Not Such a Sucker as He Looked.

Being the Adventures of a Young Man  
Who Did Not Get Left.

BY HIMSELF.

The Most Fascinating and Realistic Panorama of Metropolitan Midnight Life Ever Presented.

**NEXT WEEK! NEXT WEEK!**  
IN THE POLICE GAZETTE.

SLADE out is a new name for him.

GET ready for "New York Naked."

JOHN L. SULLIVAN is now a greater man in Boston than Gov. Ben. Butler.

A DAILY paper remarks, "Slade has got the sand to stand up before Sullivan as he did." Yes; but somebody else has got the money he stood up for.

Now the experts are fighting as to how Captain Webbo was drowned. Why don't they try the trip themselves?

MODESTY got left at the Saratoga races the other day. Modesty generally gets left at American watering places.

A CHINAMAN is said to be in training here for the pugilistic arena. Now, then, Mr. Mace, perhaps he don't know you.

FRANCE is biting off more than she can chew, with China and Madagascar. Keep your eye on her and see if we are not right.

JOHN BULL is making a big meal of Confederate bonds. If he don't digest it till the South gets ready to cash them he will die of dyspepsia, sure.

JEM MACE says he wasn't at all startled by Slade's failure. Of course he wasn't. The startle would have come in for him if Slade had not failed.

THE Cherokee Indians have been having an election and getting drunk and fighting over it just like white men. Who says poor Lo can't be civilized?

FENIAN McDERMOTT seems to have made a poor trade of it. From being shot in New York to being hanged in London isn't a very profitable exchange.

AN Italian woman over in Brooklyn drank a pint of Paris green. Her stomach was so used to tomato can beer however that the poison failed to affect it.

THE Fourteenth street dives have issued an order against the admission of actors to their chaste precincts. The dive keepers evidently know their customers.

A MAN in Kentucky shot another for asking him whether it was hot enough. He ought to be unanimously acquitted by the coroner's jury, and presented with a medal of merit.

NEXT week a famous metropolitan beauty will be revealed in all her charms to the readers of the POLICE GAZETTE. "New York Naked" will be found the boss sensation of the year.

A MASSACHUSETTS farmer, although he is a regular church goer, will not permit a minister to visit at his house. It is scarcely necessary to add that the farmer has a wife and daughters.

If you are not ashamed to look on New York naked, keep your eyes open for next week's GAZETTE.

MACE is already looking for a new dummy, in the event of his Maori slave being killed or getting sense enough to make a start in life for himself.

A FELLOW who tried to swallow his meat at the rate of a pound a mouthful has been with difficulty saved from choking by the doctors. It is a pity the doctors had nothing better to do.

THE dramatic pan is sizzling, and the effluvia of the cooking mess is becoming very pungent indeed. Now that the Bangs have come to blows, we may look for an edifying explosion.

ANOTHER Pennsylvania coal mine has caved in. But they go on mining there in the old way. Who does Pennsylvania belong to, anyhow; the people who live on the earth, or the monopolists who grub their millions out of it?

THE divorce courts have never had a busier time than they are enjoying just now. It really seems as if the weather had an effect on the connubial unhappiness crop. Can it be because it is too hot to make sleeping double comfortable?

THEY have a proverb out West that there is no good Indians, but a dead one. Mrs. Skillings, of San Juan, Col., evidently appreciates that fact, for whenever an Indian shows his nose within range of her cabin she covers and drops him.

THE bank cashiers and presidents and similar aristocratic denizens of Trenton prison have threatened to strike. The ground of their disaffection is the introduction of vulgar highwaymen like Nugent and his pals into their high toned society.

THE Shah of Persia received the American representative with such warmth that the latter now wants to stay there for good. He may, if he is fat enough to eat and the Persians are as cannibalistic in their tastes as certain travellers allege them to be.

THE American team are back, and lay the blame of their defeat across the water to the weather. Tut, tut! boys, admit the corn and tackle the long range butts like men. You can lay John Bull out cold if you will only try. Will you try, now?

THE sanitary condition of certain of our jails is said to be so bad as to be positively murderous on its inmates. Well, what of that? Have men in jail any rights the public is bound to respect? Let them take care not to be found out and they will be all right.

THE Mobile Recorder wants the POLICE GAZETTE suppressed. We didn't know we were cutting into the circulation of our contemporaries as far down South. However, let the editor come North when the Recorder dies and we'll find a place for him among our scrub-women.

THE authorities at Syracuse have warned the Salvation Army against parading in its usual disgusting style in the public streets. The army publishes its threat to defy the warning. It is to be hoped that there are plenty of tar and feathers in Syracuse, and that the fence rails have good sharp edges.

"WESTERN SPORT" writes to say that he is not exactly pleased with the POLICE GAZETTE. We can't help it, old man. We do the square thing, and do it the best we know how. We don't expect to please everybody, but we know we please most people, and the majority rules, you know, in this free country.

"WELL, I am in luck," observed a well known faro expert, when he read the financial returns of the Sullivan-Slade match on Wednesday last.

"Why, did you have any money on it?" he was asked.

"Not a cent," he replied. "But Mace has made a big haul, and he will be around to-night."

This ought to be pleasant reading for Herbert A. Slade, Esq.—that is, if his master lets him see the papers.

OCEAN GROVE, as we have already frequently remarked, is just too good to exist, and the more we find out about it the more we are confirmed in this opinion. The Rudy club is the latest development of true goodness there. The club is composed of young men, who devote their time entirely to singing on the beach and piping off the girls. They are said to be remarkably expert at both practices, so much so that the few decent people who reside at the Grove are seriously contemplating the formation of a vigilance committee. Thus is it that true piety always gains its merited reward.

A WEALTHY Buffalo widow has married a poor newspaper man. Good girl! If there were more like her there wouldn't be so many applications for employment on the POLICE GAZETTE.

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know why you never see any good looking girls at the meetings at Ocean Grove and Asbury Park. Simply because the good looking girls put in all their time on the beach.

ANOTHER reformed actor has turned preacher. The pulpit is in luck, if he is anything like the majority of his brethren. You can bet your life he will rattle the POLICE GAZETTE up, if he has the rattle in him at all.

REVOLUTION is the newest amusement in Spain, or rather it is an old amusement revived. But it won't amount to much. Spanish revolutions are like the Spaniards themselves—more noisy than dangerous.

AN army chaplain is now on the rack for swindling the Government with duplicate pay accounts. It is not on record that he ever wanted the POLICE GAZETTE suppressed, but considering his present predicament there is every likelihood that he did.

A WALKING match in Western Pennsylvania was postponed 48 hours to permit the POLICE GAZETTE time to send a referee there. They know what square decisions are worth in Western Pennsylvania, and are willing to put themselves a little out to get them.

THE Brooklyn chairman of the Republican General Committee has resigned. He says he was afraid of being talked to death by office seekers. That man would never make an editor, even in an office with a patent bore bouncer, such as is in use by the POLICE GAZETTE.

WHY don't some one invent a punishment for fathers who commit incest with their little daughters? A couple more of these monsters turned up this week. Some nice, neat Chinese punishment, like chopping piecemeal or flaying alive would, it seems to us, fit these offences to a T.

THE Newport bloods have been making beasts of themselves again. A party of them got on a drunk at the Casino, beat the waiters, and threw their broken victuals out on the decent people who were passing in the street. Of course there were no arrests. It isn't fashionable to arrest rich blackguards, at Newport or anywhere else.

THE Detroit Evening News was surprised and shocked to find a newsboy selling POLICE GAZETTES in a local street car. We are sorry for the poor Evening News, but really we can't help it. There is a popular demand for the POLICE GAZETTE, and many small boys make good livings selling it. This is more than they ever will be able to do with the Evening News.

THE Sullivan-Slade match was a splendid endorsement of the growing popularity of sport. Talk about a first night at Wallack's! Why, no theatre ever had so many notable personages among its audiences. It shows that the stigma has been taken from sport at last. It has become fashionable, and we are proud to think that we did a great deal to make it so.

THE crop of murders for alleged love keeps bravely up. Men butcher women and women slaughter men all over the country out of pure or impure, generally impure, affection. It strikes us that a good way to put a stop to the mania would be to marry all the murderous women to the homicidal men. Then they could get jealous of and kill one another, and the community be the gainers by the performance.

THERE is quite an epidemic of missing men just now. They are generally found in some up town retreat where Sunday school books are not appreciated, and they seem to enjoy being lost amazingly. It wouldn't be a bad idea when the police have got a missing man to find for them to commence hunting him there instead of leaving the most likely place to discover him in for the last, as they generally do.

THE manager of the Detroit News company, Mr. J. A. Marsh, is evidently a sensible man. When interviewed by a mush-and-milk editor of a local paper about the evil of selling such a demoralizing paper as the POLICE GAZETTE, Mr. Marsh advised the editor to be careful what he wrote about the POLICE GAZETTE, as Richard K. Fox, the owner of that paper, might sue for libel. He didn't believe the POLICE GAZETTE was much worse than the daily papers, anyhow, and sending a clerk after a copy of the GAZETTE, spread it out on his knee and read the scribe a wholesome lecture on the wickedness of daily journalism. Now we wonder what that editor has been up to. You can bet your life he has some crookedness to hide and is afraid we will get on to it.

#### SOME FUNNY BUSINESS.

Scintillations of Humor and Alleged Wit,  
Culled from Many Sources.

THE potato is the most susceptible of vegetables. It is so easily mashed.

If a great big man calls you a liar, treat him with silent contempt. Do not, however, make your contempt too conspicuous.

A WIGMAKER says that women invariably become bald on the crown of the head. That's the only place where they ever have any real hair.

"ARE trade dollars taken at par?" inquired little Rufus Bots of his mother. "No, but they are taken from par when he goes to bed with his boots on."

A KENTUCKY man has had a stroke of paralysis of the eyelids, so that it is impossible to wink them. It would not do for him to go to Maine. He would die of thirst.

THE youngest "boy preacher" in this country is now about 41 years old. Isn't it about time to set another hen before the present stock of boy evangelists mature?

"I ALWAYS have sense enough to know when to stop drinking," remarked Sandy. "I thought you generally stopped because you hadn't cents enough to keep on," said Zenas.

THE farmers of Westchester county, New York, have formed a burglar-shooting club. This method, it is hoped, will be more efficacious than the old one of crawling under the bed.

IN France bachelors have to serve in the army twice as long as married men. And these same bachelors, after they do get married, often sigh for the comparatively peaceful life of a soldier, and wish they were back.

IN a telegraph office. "What is the charge to Blankville?" "Ten words for twenty-eight cents." "Why, it used to be twenty-five cents." "Yes, but that was before the strike. The additional three cents is for the postage stamp."

A STAGE robbery in Montana was prevented by the simple expedient of opening fire on the would-be robbers. A single six-shooter, in the hands of a passenger on the box, did the business. It is a wonder this hasn't been tried before.

DID you ever notice the warning, "Paint," posted on a door, that you didn't feel the matter with your finger just to find out if it wasn't dry enough to take down the sign? You probably never did. It would be contrary to human nature.

CICERO said of silence: "There is not only an art, but even an eloquence in it." You were right, Cicero. When one is sitting with one's girl on the back porch in the still night, things cannot be too silent. Even the striking of the midhour grates harshly on one's ear.

A VIGOROUS old fellow in Maine, who had lately buried his fourth wife, was accosted by an acquaintance, who unaware of his bereavement, asked "How is your wife, Cap'n Ploverjogger?" To which the Cap'n replied, with a perfectly grave face: "Wael, to tell ye the trewth, I am kluder out of wives just naow."

A YOUNG lady from the rural districts entered a dry goods store the other day and asked for a pair of stockings. The clerk politely asked her what number she wore. "Why, two, you blasted fool! Do you suppose I am a centipede, or have got a wooden leg? How many do you suppose a two-legged halp in like me would wear?"

"WHO was that person who sat next to you at the table this morning?" asked one gentleman of another at a fashionable out-of-town hotel. "I never saw such a queer acting thing; how her arms did fly across the table, first after this dish and then that!" "Yes," replied the gentleman addressed; "probably she was a Swiss bell ringer in her earlier days. She was a total stranger to me, thank God!"

IRATE customer—"That goose I bought here last week was as tough as leather judgment, and you said it was only 6 months old. My wife says she bets that goose has seen 20 winters." Butcher—"Quite likely." Irate customer—"What do you mean, then, by saying that it was but 6 months old?" Butcher—"You forget, sir, that it was a female. Gallantry to the sex would not permit me to put the age beyond that."

"I'M so alarmed, Lizzie," exclaimed a St. Louis girl, who was engaged to be married to a young army officer. "He hasn't written me in three days." "There is no occasion to get excited," was the reassuring reply; "he is out of the reach of Indians, there is no epidemic prevailing where he is stationed, and when he last wrote you he was in perfect health." "Oh, yes, I know all that, Lizzie," said the timid, agitated creature, "but then there's the army worm."

HE pressed her to his manly breast,

Then kisses on her lips he pressed,

And Oh! the vows of love expressed

Were rash!

But suddenly his heart was stirred,

A crushing 'neath her head he heard,

And all his happiness was blurred—

A crash!

Two good cigars were much dismayed,

To say the least. The tender maid

Had wrecked them. Ah, in truth she made

A mash!

A YOUNG gentleman took his sister, a wee miss, the other day to see a family in which he is a regular caller. The little girl made herself quite at home, and exhibited great fondness for one of the young ladies, hugging her heartily.

"How very affectionate she is," said the lady of the house. "Yes, just like her brother," responded the young lady unthinkingly. Pater familias looked up sternly over his spectacles, the young gentleman blushed, and there was consternation in the family circle.

MRS. BELLA LOCKWOOD says that it is easier to get a divorce in Maine than to get a drink of whiskey. This assertion riled the editor of *The Fall River Advertiser* to such an extent that he lashed off the following without stopping to think that he was giving himself away: "This only shows that Bella knows a little less about Maine than she does about having to fasten a broken gallus with a carpet tack, and we will undertake to show her more whiskey-drinking in one hour in Maine than she can show divorce records in six months."



## STAGE WHISPERS

## Murmurs which Rouse the Echoes of Union Square.

How the Chaste Virgins of the Profession are putting in the Summer, and other Cheerful Information.

THE news that Lawrence Branigan Barrett had sailed for America caused a rise of three degrees in the British barometer last Thursday.

THE announcement that Lydia Thompson is coming back to America to play in burlesque has created an immense stir among her contemporaries in Greenwood Cemetery.

THE rumor that Joe Polk is spending money royally in Australia has alarmed his many friends in this country. They naturally feel that he must be very much beside himself.

THE FACT that Sheeny Brooks has engaged Selma Dolario to play the leading part in the "Merry Duchess" is a guarantee that at least one of the characters in that foredoomed burlesque will be cleverly represented.

THE theatrical season of 1883-4 will begin in a couple of weeks. On its threshold the POLICE GAZETTE wants to make this distinct prediction—that it will be the worst and most ruinous season ever known on this continent.

THERE is a rumor that Ada Rehan O'Neil is to be married in a little while. The obvious comment upon this startling piece of information is not "what will Mrs. Grundy, but what will Mr. Daly say?" We congratulate them both.

PEOPLE who have taken refuge in small country villages and hamlets to escape the "combination" pestilence will be alarmed to learn that Mestayer's Tourists are to appear in such places as Flushing and Roundout. This is indeed the last straw.

DAN HARKINS is back again. He intends to give the remains of the late William Shakespeare, Esq., a pretty brisk wrestle. This ominous menace, taken in conjunction with that of Miss Paulding, makes the mundane prospects of W. S. rather lurid for next season.

ED. RICE is almost as many lived as Jim Barton. He is on his pins again, and will have two companies on the road next season, baring their legs and making an indecent exposure of their persons and their imbecilities to the rural public. This is what that masterpiece of rot, "Pop," has done for him.

IT is rumored that Dion Boucault no longer regards Sadie Martinot as the greatest actress of her time and country. A pretty amateur has caught the wandering fancy of the only D. B., and Sadie will be asked to play seconds to the new arrival. Poor Sadie! Brief, it might, was the dazzling vision from which she has just been awakened.

SAMUEL of the Entrails, has been and gone and done it at last. He has married "Slimelight," and the happy couple will spend its honeymoon in Cincinnati among the congenial hogs of Porkopolis. The blushing bride was quite taken aback by Samuel's offer of marriage, looking on it as, down East, they look on dessert, as "an elegant superfluity."

THE spectacle of a "metropolitan favorite," as the cant phrase goes, bargaining with a prostitute on Broadway, after midnight, for the commission of a crime against nature, was a quite recent theatrical performance. It is this sort of thing which strengthens the plea of the dramatic profession to be considered an "artistic" one. Happily the prostitute was not as depraved as the actor, and the beastly "dicker" was declared "off," with honors easy.

THE Chicago Railroad Association, at a recent meeting, resolved not to carry any more theatrical horses, mules, donkeys or ponies, except as freight. This looks like a pretty thorough expulsion of every branch of the profession from the passenger cars. Henceforth all theatrical mules, donkeys, horses and ponies, including Alvin Joslyn and McKee Rankin and the rest, will have to travel with such appropriate companions as Cincinnati hogs and Chicago bullocks.

IT is gratifying to learn that "William Elton has been warmly welcomed on his return to the English stage." It is all the more gratifying that nobody misses him here, and wouldn't have him back again at any price. All that could ever be said in Elton's favor in New York was that, so far as anybody knew to the contrary, he was the only English actor who had not abandoned his wife and family, which fact, by the way, almost contradicted his claim to be considered an English actor.

IT is gratifying to see the celerity with which the untutored mind of the Western barbarian is "tumbling" to comic opera. All over the country one sees the wrecks of "comic opera troupes," and the newspapers are full of the bankruptcies of this, that or the other manager. The beastly salaciousness which has been masquerading in this particular guise, has proved too much for rural patience. Hence, the daily burblings up of companies organized give it a show.

CARRIE TURNER, so they say, is making the usual advertising capital for herself by sending to the various newspaper offices in the country a cut published in the POLICE GAZETTE two years ago, in which a pretty girl is represented in the act of chastising a "masher" with an umbrella. Carrie has caused a new letter press to be written for the cut, in which the credit of the performance is attributed to her, and its date set down a couple of weeks ago. There's nothing like enterprise, and Carrie is quite welcome to her bold appropriation of our cut and story.

MISS MINNIE CUMMINGS, who has never been an actress within the memory of the present generation, is getting paragoned again as the purchaser or builder of several blocks of houses at Long Branch. How this extraordinary person works the press is one of the mad mysteries of the metropolis. She certainly doesn't pay for her editorial notices in cash. Her newspaper agent deserves credit, at all events, and when his patience in re. Cummings gives out ought to be engaged by Mr. Barnum, on the strength of his successful devotion to the Long Branch tragedienne, to get up another Jumbo "boom."

FRANK WESTON and Effie Ellsler are both back from Europe. Dan Frohman, who is getting strangely malicious, says that Harry Lee came with them as a matter of course. It is high time Lee and Weston did something to stop the Madison Square people from talking as they have talked about Effie Ellsler. If the defamers had not been managers, and the defamed had not been an actress, the story would have had a very different ending by this time. But the Mallorys know pretty well what theatrical manhood amounts to, so they go on whispering their innuendoes without bothering themselves about the consequences. Why should they?

THE news that a divorce suit is on the carpet between Frank Bangs and his recently acquired wife is being cautiously whispered about. It is hard to see what grounds Mrs. Bangs can base her complaint upon, unless Frank's famous devotion to that delightful instrument, the flute, stands between her and the conjugal joys to which she is entitled. Of course it is barely possible that she is jealous of the skye terrier from which Frank parted so tearfully the day of his marriage. Still it is hardly likely that she will mention that interesting and idolized animal in her summons and complaint. The chances are in favor of the flute theory, and no doubt it will come out in the trial that Frank's performances on that instrument are of a character to keep her awake at nights.

IT is publicly announced in a theatrical "organ" that Mike Rentz's gang of so-called actors were looked upon as a disgrace to the English theatre in which they played. Some of the whitelivered ham-fatters who hang around the outskirts of the Morton House talk loud and large of the falsity of the statement made in these columns about their "profession." If any proof were needed of the infallibility of the POLICE GAZETTE the case of Mike Rentz would come in handy. One of the organs of his trade—and one which he pretends to be on good terms with at that—says that Mary Anderson's chances in London have been seriously injured by the utter villany of Mike's "Standard American Entertainment."

MADAME MODJESKA, the bogus "Countess," is summing in California. The ease with which her "original poem" was dropped to as a bad translation by somebody else of some German verses has made the old lady hopping mad. Taken in conjunction with the success of her polyglot rival, Rhea, the dose is a very unpleasant one, and she is beginning to feel sorry for having treated Harry Sargent with the characteristic ingratitude of the "profession." Sargent's lies in her behalf were caudle, but they made her what she is. As for the "Count," that queer specimen of a Dutch reporter, he never ceases to lament the loss of pocket money represented by Sargent's absence from the concern. "I vos glad," says the "Count," over his occasional beer, "to hate Harry mit der family, but it was no madder, I was chellus when he fetch us so much moneys in." Which, by the way, is the usual philosophy of the usual stage husband.

JIM BARTON has caught on to another "backer." This time it is a little hunchback chap named Cheever, who is paralyzed from the waist down, and who is carried wherever he wants to go by a stout servant man. It is hard to suspect Mr. Cheever, therefore, of any sinister or improper designs in helping "Jim" out of his recent pickle. "Jim" used to depend a good deal for his newspaper notices on the influence of his brother-in-law, Frank Potter, of the *Heald*. On the strength of being a member of the Potter family (whatever that mystic name may imply) Frank used to cut it pretty fat in the *Heald*. But, when on his last monthly drunk, he received a final notice that his services were not wanted in the future, as a consequence, Jim Barton doesn't get so well taken care of by the *Heald*. However, in the person of Cheever, Barton has got hold of a fine flat for next winter, and an unusually well furnished flat, peculiarly, at that.

JOHNNY ROGERS, the crack-brained "Manager" of Minnie Palmer, will infallibly wind up in an English madhouse if he doesn't let up a little. His extraordinary goings on in Glasgow, where he deliberately got up a riot to advertise the fair Minnie, have given the police authorities of Great Britain a deep and abiding interest in his future performances. They won't stand any nonsense over there, and it is not too much to predict that by next spring, the erratic John will have learned the painful difference between American good nature and English testiness. John, by the way, is working a very clever dodge with the theatrical "organs" so-called. He pays them to abuse himself personally, while they puff his star. "Everybody will believe in Minnie," calculates John, "when they see me, her manager, roundly abused, while my star is both flattered and condoled with." It is a new idea, and one well worth the money Rogers pays to have it "worked."

DAN FROHMAN has received a well merited snub at the hands not only of the public but of his clerical employers. In his dread lest she should occupy the place he was keeping for George Cayvan, he made it so unpleasant for Enid Leslie at the Madison Square theatre that being a girl of proper and decent self-respect, she resigned and joined the forces of Augustin Daly. But Miss Spencer made such a dreadful mess of Miss Leslie's original part in the "Rajah" that Dan had to eat the leek with a boiled ham sandwich thrown in, and restore Miss Enid to her place in the play and company at an increased salary. Dan! feels cheap, and the Cayvan, for whom the popular demand has always been extremely limited, feels mad enough to swear even more forcibly than usual, and they say went for the leading lady of a Protestant Episcopal "Seminary of the Dramatic Art." She can double discount Uncle Toby and keep the recording angel up of nights doing his celebrated blotting out act.

JASON WENTWORTH, who enjoys the reputation, according to John Stetson, of being the meanest and closest fisted man in the business, is going to take Anna Dickinson round the country as Richard the Third. If Dr. Mary Walker can be engaged to play the opposite part, the Shakespearean drama will get a fair show this year. The degradation of this unfortunate woman, Dickinson, is another illustration of the fatal mistake one makes in descending to form any connection with the stage. It is hard to realize that Anna Dickinson ever occupied a really prominent and respectable place in society, and that 15 years ago she ranked with the leading public characters of America. Catching the theatrical fever, her mind soon began to disintegrate, and now she occupies the position which used to be filled by the Count Joannes. Instead of commanding respect, she is the target of bitter ridicule, and the newspapers which used to print her speeches now delight in geying her acting. Poor Anna! It was an ill-day for her, as it has been for

many another once famous and highly considered person, when she made up her mind to dabble in the dirty waters of the stage.

ACTORS are a pretty impudent lot when they think they can be impertinent without being held to account. Here is a beggarly comedian named Leclercq going round the country attracting attention to himself by "making up" for Henry Watterson of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. Watterson happens to be one of the notoriety seeking asses who feel flattered by being caricatured, and no particular harm is done in his instance. It would be all the same to Leclercq, however, if the object of his cheeky ridicule were a man worth talking about—say Wm. M. Evarts, or some other gentleman of like character and social standing. Watterson is a theatrical charlatan himself and no one need feel any concern about his sensation as Leclercq goes round the country burlesquing him. Still if there is a Mrs. Watterson, and she has any self-respect, Mr. Leclercq's insolence runs a risk of being pulled up short. By the way, is this the same Leclercq whose sister used to be the mistress of Charles Fechter, and who, when the "master" cast her off, wouldn't give up his own situation with Fechter because it paid him too well? A nice lot, truly, and a nice profession, peculiarly well adapted to the breeding of "mackerels," "alphonsons" and "candle-bearers."

THE Madison Square theatre says that Alice Dunning Lingard has been engaged to play leading business in that temple of religious drama, Shook and Collier, on the other hand, declare that she belongs to them, and wave in the Hebrew mug of Dan! of the Frohman's den a contract duly signed, sealed and delivered by her. From London, all the same, comes a third announcement that she has been engaged for two years for the British Provinces. The chances are that each of the claimants tells the truth. Mrs. Lingard is just like all the rest of her professional brothers and sisters. Who ever heard of an actor or an actress who was unwilling to sign the most preposterous contract with a reserved right to break it at his or her sweet will? It is one of the traditional privileges of the profession to enter into the most solemn and apparently inflexible obligations only to repudiate them at a moment's notice. They cheerfully perjure themselves in everything they undertake, whether it is a marriage vow or a professional engagement. The odds are that Mrs. Lingard has signed with half a dozen more managers, as well as with the three who are now fighting over her. If she hasn't she's marvellously unlike most of her kind.

THE Church and Stage Guild is a practical institution over here and is, just at present, in full blast. At the wedding breakfast in Denver which the blushing Rose Coghlan gave the original Miss Conway on her marriage to that chaste and wholesome swain, Mr. George Osmond Tearle, the Episcopal communion was represented by the Rev. Dr. Marshall. That fine old Christian gentleman was the *vis-a-vis* of the delightful Miss Coghlan, who, by the way, was the greatest friend in the country of the virginal Miss Conway's immediate predecessor in the affections of Mr. George Osmond Tearle—Miss Ethel Arden, to wit. If the clerical reveller had been endowed with second sight, he would have seen behind the chair of the delightful Miss Coghlan a whole troop of figures—including those of her husband, Mr. Browne, Jose Manuel Mora (known on Change as Mr. Fanny Bell), Wm. H. Vanderbilt, Dion Boucault and a host of the unnamed. Leaning over the shoulder of the virginal Miss Conway he would have seen the spectres of Mr. George Clarke, Mr. Frank Lord, and other gentlemen peculiarly adapted to clerical society. Bah! the only time for a self respecting clergyman to be mixed up with such a crowd is when he reads the burial service over one of their kind at Jerry McAuley's Mission.

ANYTHING more damnably disgusting than the marriage of Tearle and Minnie Conway it would be hard to find, even in the filthy annals of the stage. Mr. Wallack's "leading man" calmly left an honest wife and innocent children to starve, while Minnie Conway not only deliberately bastardized her little ones, but also revived that atrocious scandal with George Clarke, which Levy, with incredible magnanimity, had condoned. If, upon the heels of this outrageous "marriage," Wm. C. Kingsley and Judge Troy were to tell the facts about the expulsion of the Conway girls from their mother's theatre, the rotten egg matinee which ought to greet Tearle at Wallack's would be appropriately matched by the cabbage head "ovation" of the new leading lady of the Union Square. It only needed the benediction of a woman like Rose Coghlan to give a finishing touch to the nefarious farce which made Tearle and Conway man and wife. That, surely, was the crown of the whole structure. Happily these crimes always carry their own penalties, and before the year is out Minnie Conway will be as far from Tearle's thoughts as Ethel Arden is, or else Tearle will be an object of as utter indifference to Minnie Conway as George Clarke is. Bah! These theatrical "marriages" are as disgusting and as brutal exposures of mere animal appetites as the coupling of sparrows or the gendering, in ephemeral heat, of a pair of amorous toads.

THERE is going to be a regular avalanche of indecency and erotic stimulation on the New York stage next month. At the Standard theatre the "artistic firm" of Brooks & Dickson are to produce a "comic opera," setting forth the love of a Duchess for a horse jockey and introducing a chorus of well shaped girls clad entirely, as to their lower limbs, in skintight silk breeches. At the Fourteenth Street theatre the "Devil's Auction" will be produced to exhibit another batch of well formed women, as nearly naked as the law will allow them to be, while those boss caterers of lascivious suggestiveness, the Kiraifys, will devote the beautiful stage of Niblo's Garden to a similar orgy. These young women, trembling on the verge of utter nakedness, will expose their figures entirely, except that portion that lies between their thighs and their armpits, in the sacred name of "art." The crowd that will go to see them will be an "artistic" one, and the private suppers, the bouquets, the billets doux and the liaisons and adulteries and scandals that will follow will all occur in the same pious and exemplary behalf. Base lust and animal passion excited by the lewd display will have nothing to do with it, incredible as it may appear. Nor will the men, who make a living by showing off their female hirelings in a state of nakedness, be actuated by the same motive which impels other men to go a step further and let them out for personal use as well as public exposure—a desire to make money.

Gotham after bedtime will be shown up in "New York Naked," commencing next week.

## THE RELIGIOUS EDITOR.

## He Goes on a Converting Trip with a Clerical Brother and Performs Great Works.

The Religious Editor was driving up town in his magnificent official T cart last Tuesday afternoon when just at the entrance of Central Park, he was accosted by a cautious and well-bred "A hem!" Turning he saw one of his clerical friends peering through his glasses out of the window of a neat rifle-green coupe.

"Hullo!" cried the Religious Editor, as he reined in his superb bays, a tribute of regard from Richard K. Fox, for which, by the way, Wright Sanford, the pioneer dude, offered him \$12,500 only last week.

"One moment," replied his clerical friend, with a cautious and highly respectable cough, such as only old maids and clergymen know how to use.

"What is it?" inquired the Religious Editor, testily. He had an engagement to dine at Gabe Cases' with the Earl of Onslow, Wm. K. Vanderbilt and Steve Taylor, so no wonder he was a trifle mad.

"If you will forego your daily drive," said the clerical friend, "I should be very much obliged to you."

The proposition was cool enough to stagger the Religious Editor, who is, as a rule, not easily abashed.

The superb bays began to prance, and the groom behind, every button in his coat solid gold, observed in a whisper that he didn't think "the 'osses'd stand it."

By this time the clergyman had got out of his coupe.

"I want you to go with me to Jersey City, to Mr. Aberle's theatre. They have a performance this evening, and I am going to renew my missionary efforts among his ballet girls. It would be a great favor if you, as a man of the world, would join us in our pious labors."

This was an appeal the Religious Editor couldn't possibly resist. In fact it came within the lines of his duty. Tossing the reins to his groom and entering the coupe he and the minister were both whirling, in a few minutes, to Jersey City.

After the usual POLICE GAZETTE variety of dinner had been disposed of at \$10 a plate, and both the diners had got away with a bottle of the POLICE GAZETTE brand of wine, at \$10 a bottle, Mr. Aberle's theatre, already open to the public, was sought by the well filled pair. As they entered, three other clergymen and five deacons of moral aspect joined the party.

"Are you coming with us, Brother Dobb?" inquired one of the deacons of the Religious Editor's clerical friend.

"Not this evening," replied that devout Christian. "We're going to tackle a box of our own. It's so much easier working the conversion racket in small parties than in big gangs."

The Religious Editor was a trifle astonished, but said nothing.

Nobody seemed to be better known than his clerical friend when they got inside the theatre. Miss Fatima Aberle lavished her sweetest smiles on him, and the ushers literally ran a race to see who should be the first to see him into his box.

When the overture had ceased, the divine began rubbing his hands.

"Beautiful! beautiful!" he said, "I always like to have the services begin with a voluntary. It prepares the soul for the spiritual banquet which follows."

The first act on the programme was a nigger sketch.

"Admirable!" said the clergyman, when it was over. "Its moral influence is capitally expressed. Did you observe the punishment made so prominent and rigorous in that little play, which always follows dishonesty? I couldn't preach a better sermon myself!"

Then came a dismal serio-comic ballad.

"Never in my life have I heard anything so spiritual, so soothing," said the clergyman. "It is almost as tearful as one of Brother Simpson's psalms in long metre."

Next came the celebrated parlor gymnastic act of the Bounding Bedouin Brothers of the great Sahara.

"They pray well and earnestly," said the clergyman, as they flopped on their own and each other's knees. In fact, I think, if anything, they are a trifle too demonstrative in their exercises. Still, it is beautiful."

So thought the religious editor.

It was now the turn of the ballet. As soon as the clergyman saw that fact on the programme he modestly called for a bottle of wine to "brace up on," as the phrase goes in church circles. It came, and the Religious Editor desired to state right here that it was strong enough to brace up the Brooklyn Bridge if necessary.

Seven pretty maidens—that is what a poet would have called them, although a policeman's expression might have been very different—cavorted heavily on the stage, until the perspiration ran down their brows. They looked like so many hams (which, no doubt, they were) simmering in their own grease.

"Humph!" groaned the clergyman, as one of them, with a great effort, tried to kick her own nose. "I've never been so much—so much—so much—poor, erring human flesh, in my life before. Perhaps if I could get near them I could convince them of the error of their ways. That's what I came here to accomplish, and I shall be recreant to my high, and holy trust if I don't do so."

"Go in and win, old man," said the Religious Editor going out to sample the clove market.

"You bet your sweet life," said the dominie, with a faint blush.

In an hour the Religious Editor returned. The dominie, with his coat off, sat in the back of the box. On the table were a bottle of wine and three glasses. On the floor were two other bottles. On each knee was a ballet girl of the true Jumbonian model. The dominie looked flustered, as if he had undertaken a contract beyond even his liberal stock of Christianity, and felt rather disposed to jump the job.

"Zat's allri!" cried the devoted parson, however. "Zat's allri! Change o' spirit's booming! We b'gan on brand'an' we'll end on a rip tearer! 'Ray! for th' Church! 'Ray! for e'ligion! 'Ray! for Jake Able! 'Ray! for ev'body! Let's have noth' bottle! I'm going to convert th' whole sh'bang if I've got to stop here all night!"

The fact that Mr. Aberle has lost three of his fattest and fairest virgins of the ballet inclines the Religious Editor to believe that his clerical friend really did carry out his great work of redemption. At all events, if they weren't redeemed, they are in hock somewhere.

NEAR McAllister, I. T., on July 30, Sam Fisher, aged 22, while working in the hayfield, was called to the road and shot dead by Robert Holcomb. The two were rivals for the affections of a rural belle.



### The Bangs Divorce Scandal.

Theatrical and many other circles are greatly exercised over the fact that Frank Bangs, the actor, who has been married only about a month, is already preparing to obtain a divorce. The parties concerned in this affair are both rather well known to the public. Frank Bangs is an actor of no mean ability and, moreover, seems to have the instincts of a gentleman. At any rate his name has not been mixed up in any social scandal, and although he has always borne the reputation of a "masher" on the stage, off of it he has conducted himself with reserve and dignity. Mrs. Alice Bangs, whose stage name is Agnes Leonard, is the daughter of old Isaac Singer, the Jewish sewing machine man. Her mother is a certain Mrs. Merritt, concerning whose connection with Singer—whether that of wife or mistress—no one seems to have a very clear idea. Upon his death, Singer left Alice about \$450,000. About this time the girl was seized with a yearning for the stage, and became a member of the Clermont Dramatic club. Soon after she went to Paris and there married a Monsieur La Grove, from whom she was subsequently divorced after having borne him two children. Becoming a grass widow, Mrs. La Grove returned to the United States, and under the nom de fly of Agnes Leonard, attempted to make herself a theatrical reputation. But she failed miserably.

Last spring Alice La Grove was enjoying life after her own peculiar fashion in Brooklyn, when Frank Bangs played an engagement as *Chateau Renaud*, in "Corsican Brothers" at Booth's theatre. He and his pet terrier were enjoying life in their usual way, according to his story, when a stage hand notified him that a lady in a carriage wished to see him at the back door. He went out, and there met the future Mrs. Bangs for the first time. She expressed her ardent admiration for him, and her desire to become better acquainted. She also told him all about her own private affairs, and in fact, gave every symptom of being completely "mashed." She invited him to call on



FRANK BANGS,

THE ACTOR WHO IS SEEKING TO SEVER HIS MARITAL TIES WITH AGNES LEONARD.

with which to pay the more pressing of his debts. Mr. Bangs took the money, paid the claims, and with the balance bought some furniture for his sister, Mrs. C. V. Johnston, of Philadelphia. The claims were principally for debts contracted by Bangs during an unfortunate starring tour.

The pair were married at Plymouth church on June 4, 1883, by Henry Ward Beecher. "They started," said Mr. Bangs' lawyer, the Hon. Andrew Jackson Rogers, to a GAZETTE reporter, "on their wedding tour to Washington, where they were given a reception, and while here, on their bridal night in fact, the reason for the present state of affairs was given. I cannot speak plainly on the subject, but will adopt the language of an intimate friend of Mr. Bangs, who said that the real cause of the separation was his refusal to permit the bride to give certain romantic Parisian touches to the crescent joys of the honeymoon. Mr. Bangs lost no time then in leaving her, and I am not averse to stating that I endorsed his action when he consulted me upon it."

Still as much in love as ever with her handsome husband, Mrs. Bangs made such piteous appeals to him through her lawyer that he consented, to save appearances, to return and live in the same house with her, but on the distinct understanding that they should occupy different rooms. This was agreed to, and for a day or two all went well. Then Mrs. Bangs' mother needing a change of air her son-in-law took her down to Coney Island and remained to take care of her for three days. Upon his return



"AGNES LEONARD,"

THE SNIDE ACTRESS WHO MARRIED FRANK BANGS, AND DISGUSTED HIM IN TEN HOURS.

The sum of 1,000 francs has been offered for his apprehension. He speaks French, German and English fluently and is about 40 years of age. Any information regarding his whereabouts should be communicated to Edward M. Weiss, Justice of Peace, Paterson, N. J.

### A Hideous Fiend.

At the commencement of this month the neighborhood of Sandy Hook, Ind., was aroused by a most hideous crime. Edward Carr, a tramp pedler, fell upon a little girl named Gertie Virt in a lonely field and, after nearly choking her to death, committed a rape on her person. Subsequently, to stifle her cries, he bit her lips together. Hundreds of men started in pursuit of the villain, and he was finally captured and lodged in jail. The probabilities are that he will fall a victim to Judge Lynch. His brutal and depraved countenance is pictured in this issue.

### Sports at the Races.

Pat Sheedy, the notorious Chicago gambler, accompanied by Jere Dunn, the slayer of Jim Elliott, attended the races at Cleveland. Sheedy's wife, a handsome and elegantly dressed woman, was in the party. Two years ago, when Sheedy was in Cleveland, he broke all the faro banks in town and carried off \$40,000. On the occasion of his present visit his luck changed. He rented two rooms at the Kennard House, and put his best dealers at the faro tables. It was an off week for the bank, and Sheedy is said to be short \$25,000. Ben O'Neill, a Western gambler, carried off the larger part of this. Jere Dunn was a heavy better at the recent races, and Harry Price, of Pittsburg, won \$3,000 on "Stranger."

### A Loving Uncle.

Mary Johns of Anderson, Ohio, caused the arrest of her uncle, Robert Johns, on a charge of bastardy. She furnished strong evidence against him, which he did not attempt to disprove, and went to jail till the October term of court. The girl is 20 years of age, and is the daughter of her betrayer's brother. The accused is the father of five children, the eldest being almost as old as his victim.



A RIVER HORROR.

A BRUTAL BOATMAN ON THE OHIO RIVER, WHILE ATTEMPTING TO OUTRAGE A YOUNG GIRL, CAPSIZES HIS BOAT, AND IS DROWNED, WHILE HIS VICTIM IS MIRACULOUSLY SAVED.



WILLIAM HENRY OSTRANDER,

THE BRUTAL PARRICIDE WHO EXPIATED HIS CRIME ON THE GALLOWS; UTICA, AUG. 10.

her at her mother's house. He did call soon after, and found her to be a woman of a rather attractive appearance, but over dressed to an extent which made a disagreeable first impression. She showed herself so ardently in love with the good looking actor, however, that his vanity was tickled, and when after a short acquaintance she begged him to marry her, he eventually consented, but not without telling her that he had pressing liabilities and that his widowed sister and her family were altogether dependent on him. In order to overcome these scruples she insisted on his taking as a gift from her \$7,000,



EDWARD CARR,

THE INHUMAN FIEND WHO RAPED LITTLE GERTIE VIRT, NEAR SANDY HOOK, IND.

home he found his wife locked up in a room with an effeminate young man whom she pays to attend on her. This settled the matter, and he left her presence for ever. The suit will come up for trial next September.

### Searching for a Big Defaulter.

We publish an exact likeness of Charles Widmer, a Swiss defaulter, who left his country April 27, 1883, with about 222,000 francs belonging to his employers. Detectives tracked the man to the United States, but in the neighborhood of Paterson, N. J., they lost all trace of him.



CHARLES WIDMER,

A DEFAULTER TO THE TUNE OF 222,000 FRANCS, FOR WHOM A REWARD IS OFFERED.



## A Lively Nymph.

The visitors at Kingsbridge Hotel and Beck's Cottage, two fashionable summer boarding places on the Harlem River, were treated to a free exhibition of natatorial skill on Sunday, Aug. 20, that shocked some, tickled others, but was taken in by everybody, even by Mike, the one-eyed waiter at the hotel, whose single optic on that occasion spread to the size of a trade dollar.

About 5:30 o'clock in the afternoon, while the Farmer's Bridge and the piazzas of the hotels were crowded, a boat containing three men and a woman came up the river and anchored just off the hotel, about 50 feet from the shore, and in full view of the people on the concourse and at the hotel. The smallest of the three men and the woman quickly divested themselves of all their clothing, and in the costume fashionable before the Fall, plunged into the water. They performed many antics, climbing into the boat and diving, swimming and throwing kisses to the rapidly increasing crowd, who cheered lustily and applauded admiringly at every fresh effort put forth by the swimmers. The two gentlemen who remained in the boat added their quota to the scene by howling and shouting to the Neptune and Venus of the occasion all kinds of suitable and unsuitable advice.

Detective Dakin, who witnessed the scene from the beach, hurried to Kelly's boat landing, above the bridge, and in company with Mr. Kelly, started in a boat toward the festive party. When the latter saw the hostile craft approaching they quickly took to their oars, the couple who had been in the water trying to dress themselves, while the boat, which was speeding down the stream, rocked in a dangerous man-

ner. The fugitives had not gone far before they ran aground on the mud flats opposite the Senate House. The woman was partially dressed by the time the detective came up with them, and laughed heartily when informed that she and her masculine companion in their natatorial sports were under arrest. Attaching a "painter" to the boat the detective conveyed his prisoners to the Thirty-fifth precinct police station, where Capt. Yule locked them up. All four of the party were more or less hilarious. The woman laughed loudest. The others seemed to have some notion of the nature of

their position. The woman gave her name as Mattie Kinsley, an actress.

"I was with George Wilson here," she said. "He followed me from Washington, D. C., as he is all 'broke up' on me." At this she laughed heartily. "Well," she continued, "while we were walking we met these two dudes," and she pointed to the two other men, who certainly deserved the appellation she gave them, their coats and trousers fitting like a second skin, while each carried a cane with a silver knob at the end. At this allusion of Mattie's they hung their heads, while Wilson, who in the matter of

clothes was of the same kidney, joined Mattie in another fit of laughter.

"These gentlemen," continued Mattie, resuming a more serious air, "proposed that we take a row on the river, which we did, and when I undressed I told them to turn away their heads while I plunged into the water with George. I used to go in the water in Virginia with gentlemen, and never wore tights. There's no harm in it."

It was subsequently learned that Mattie had been a dealer in her father's sporting resort in Reading, Pa., the success of said resort being largely due to the beauty of his daughter. He is known as "Handsome Harry." She said that she came from Washington on Sunday morning.

The two men who accompanied Mattie and George, then gave their names as Harry and Arthur Ralston, living at Brooklyn Heights, and had only lately arrived in this city from England. The prisoners passed the night in the cells, smoking cigarettes and keeping the policemen awake by singing psalms and shouting.

## A Rival's Vengeance.

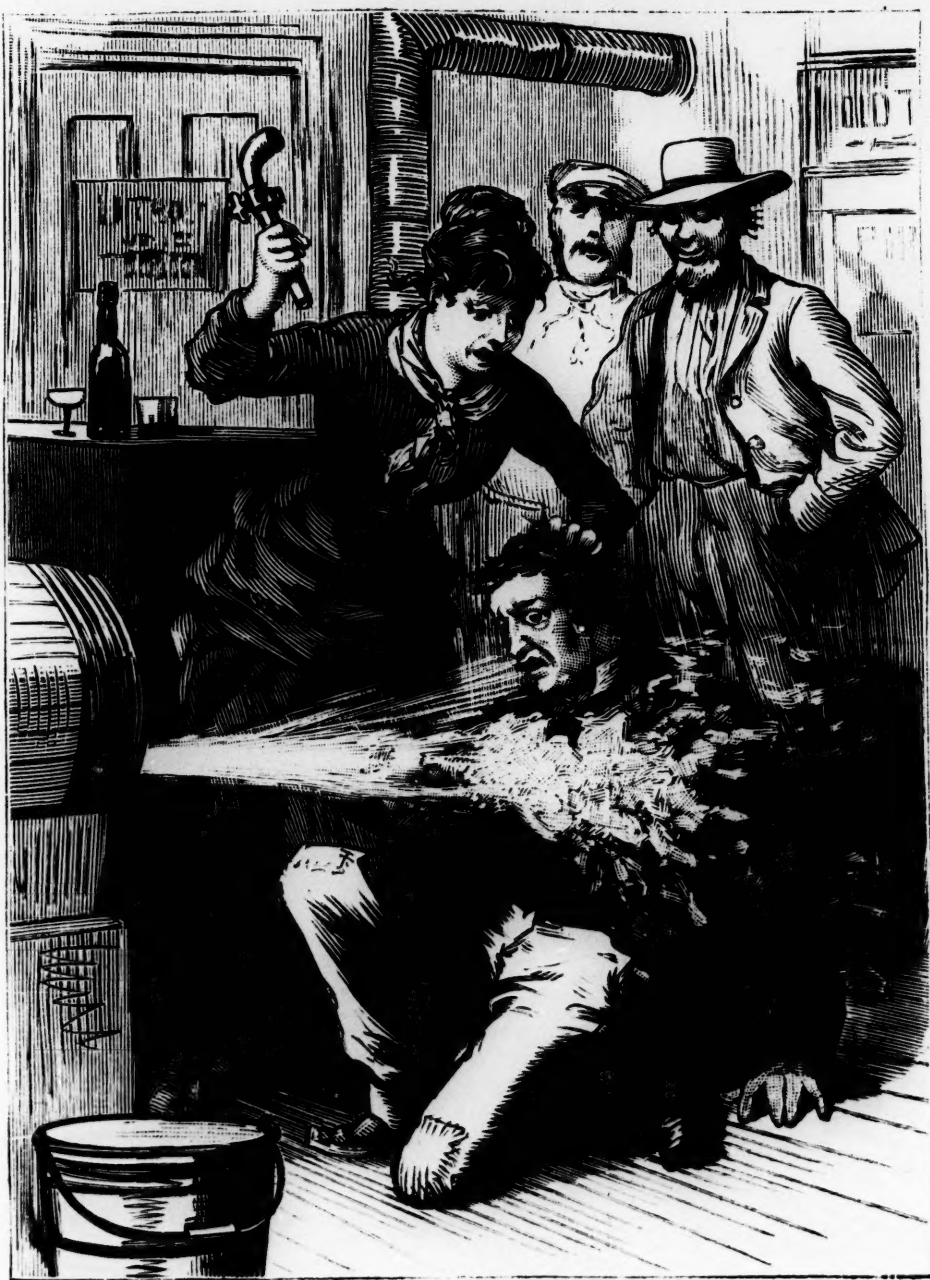
A troop of vagrant dogs following in a riotous procession after a young couple at Niagara village attracted attention recently. The mystery was solved by the discovery of a bone tied to the tail of the young man's coat. The fell work is said to have been performed by a jealous rival, whom the victim had cut out by marrying the young lady to whom they were mutually attached.

BEFORE Mrs. Langtry left this country she denied the story, printed in the newspapers, of her having caught a blue fish, but admitted confidentially that she caught a sucker.



A LIVELY NYMPH.

HOW A FRISKY DAMSEL GAVE A VERY FREE EXHIBITION OF NATATORIAL SKILL AND FEMALE LOVELINESS, ON THE HARLEM RIVER.



BAPTIZED IN BEER.

HOW A HOBOKEN BEER SLINGER, OF THE PETTICOAT PERSUASION, TREATED AN OLD SOAK TO A BIGGER DRINK THAN HE WANTED TO HANG UP.



BONED BRIDEGROOM TO ORDER.

HOW A HEARTLESS RIVAL GOT EVEN WITH A SUCCESSFUL SUITOR AND BROKE UP A WEDDING TOUR.



## OTHER FELLOWS' WIVES

AND

## Other Girls' Husbands.

THE RICHEST, RAREST AND RACIEST  
SCANDALS OF FAST PARISIAN LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

*"Paris by Gaslight," "Mabille Unmasked," "The  
Prettiest Women in Paris," "Paris  
Inside Out," etc., etc.*

VII.

A PAIR OF REMARKABLE LOVERS.

One evening in the July of last year the attention of such Parisians as were standing around the lake in the Bois de Boulogne was called to the arrival of two superb vehicles containing two odd looking strangers, whose singularity of appearance was added to by their rich and costly attire.

One, strong, vigorous, muscular, had his chin ornamented by a flaming red beard; he wore a white cravat of enormous proportions dotted with red spots and fastened by a diamond brooch of exceptional lustre. His coat fitted him close at the waist, and the wide brim of his hat scarcely covered his long curly hair. His huge hands were incased in dogskin gloves, embrodered on the backs in scarlet. He was evidently some rich miner from Colorado.

The other, olive complexioned, thin, nervous looking, wore a long blue coat buttoned up to the chin, with a standing collar, while a richly embroidered fez kept falling over his eyes, giving him constant employment in pushing it up again on his forehead.

The two carriages were admirably appointed. These noble strangers bore the appearance of considerable wealth, and the ladies of the demi-monde who were strolling around the lake, flung the most languishing and seductive glances at them as they slowly passed.

There were very few people left in Paris, and everybody who was anybody appeared in the Bois. The grand duchess chatted with her friend Alphonse about the coming piece at the Bouffes. The Pearl, just returned from Beauséjour, saluted many that swept by as she related her country experiences to the Daisy, whose Victoria was pulled up close to hers. Behind her the Princess Clifton, wearing an enormous (Gainsborough hat, under which her sparkling eyes emitted glittering scintillations full of malice; then Valentine de Laigle; then Lucie Regnier with her inseparable companion, Henriette Berville. These last two seemed to be greatly amused at something. The illustrious strangers appeared to be the objects of the marked attention of these two ladies, an attention that was on the high road to speedy recognition. On the second round of the lake the Colorado miner, unable to contain himself any longer, ordered his driver to pull up, and leaping out of his vehicle precipitated himself before the ladies, who in turn ordered their driver to stop, when, stepping forward, and without removing his hat, he exclaimed:

"Sam Jefferson," he said; and then burst into a jargon, of which these ladies could not understand a syllable; but as the words "New York" and "dollar" occurred pretty often, they unanimously declared that he was perfectly charming.

However, Henriette was making hay while the sun shone, and while Lucie responded at hazard by an occasional "yes," to all that her American interlocutor said, Henriette smiled so graciously upon the man in the fez that he also approached and saluted in the Oriental fashion—his hand to his forehead, to his heart, and to his lips.

"Yakob-Ali-Khan," he said. Lucie Regnier, who was thoroughly versed in the conventionalities, introduced the two strangers to one another.

"Monsieur Jacob Pelikan—Monsieur Jefferson." These two saluted, and spoke, one in English, the other in Afghan, a conversation that fairly caused Lucie and Henriette to yell with laughter, and so loud were their shrieks of mirth that a small crowd began to gather around the carriage.

"My dear, we must drive on," said Lucie. "We are being too much stared at. Let us give these gentlemen a rendezvous for this evening."

"Where?"

"At the Cornueville ball."

Then Lucie energetically cried: "Hotel Continental."

Henriette put up her fingers to the strangers, almost shouting:

"Twelve o'clock! twelve! twelve! She again put up her fingers, then showed her watch, while counting one, two, three, etc., on the chests of her interlocutors, as one plays "Onery, twory, dickery, navy," with children, till she contrived, not without a deal of trouble though, to explain that the rendezvous was for the ball at twelve o'clock. The strangers, radiant with pleasure, bowed low, and re-entered their respective vehicles.

That night the Cornueville ball came off at the Continental. On each side of the door, two old soldiers, stood like statues, the Legion of Honor glistening on their breasts, beside the medals for China, the Crimea, Italy, and the German War. At the entrance to the ballroom, Ernest, the master of the ceremonies, stood smiling, his silver chain of office hanging gracefully over his shoulder. In the hall, which was brilliant with lights, gilding, mirrors, frescoes and flowers, a concert had already commenced, at which the guests of this vast hotel attended in force, some of them attended by their Normandy nurses, whose short petticoats served to show off their well-rounded legs, enshrined in the national yellow and blue striped stockings.

Yakob-Ali-Khan and Samuel Jefferson were on hand, anxiously awaiting the arrival of Lucie and Henriette. In vain had Madame Pochard sung a waltz with her habitual talent; in vain had the charming Mademoiselle Lody repeated a piece in verse, commencing with "Oh, sir! Oh, no, sir!" with that dangerously seductive air which we all know so well; the two strangers listened to nothing, saw nothing, and did

nothing but keep their eyes fixed on the entrance door. They were deprived even of the resource of chatting with one another, since they did not understand, but they were united by the bonds of a common idea.

"Well, Monsieur Pelikan, you see that we have kept our word," said Henriette, on entering, "although I was invited to sup at the Maison d'Or!"

"A little more pressure and she would not have come," added Lucie, "but I made her stick to her word. A promise is a promise, isn't it, Jefferson?"

Then they burst out laughing. The two strangers gazed at them in a stupefied way, but it was easy to perceive that they did not understand a word of what had been said.

"Come, old Pelikan," cried Henriette, dragging off her Afghan, "let us go and see the dancing."

The dancing had already begun in the grand ballroom, and as the Normandy nurses took part in it, the effect of their short petticoats was wonderful. The two strangers were transported.

Excited by the enchanting spectacle in which they were participating and by the copious libations after an extensive dinner, they squeezed more and more the arms of their companions, whispering into their ears, in their respective languages, the most tender and seductive words. The Afghan rolled his eyes like those of a dying gazelle.

"I say," suddenly cried Henriette, "I've had enough of my Pelikan, and I am crazy to get back to the Maison d'Or."

"You are wrong," said Lucie. "I assure you he has quite a gentlemanly appearance. He wears the fez of a man of position."

"Oh, bother! I'm sick of him!"

And the giddy Henriette withdrew her arm from the squeeze of the amorous Afghan, dropped him a courtesy, and disappeared.

Yakob-Ali-Khan remained a second, as if in a dream, and then with the Oriental philosophy of a man who is a true believer in the "it is written," simply turned to Lucie, and tenderly took her unoccupied arm. But Jefferson didn't see it.

"Jest you drop that lady's arm quicker'n ground lightning," he cried, drawing Lucie toward him.

"Trotro carcero pale!" retorted the Afghan, pulling at Lucie on the other side.

Happily for her, Jefferson sent a back handed whack into his rival's chest. The Afghan, livid with rage, leaped upon the gentleman from Colorado, and while the hotel attendants interposed Lucie got away, telling Ernest that she was following her friend to the Maison d'Or.

As for Ernest he was horribly shocked. Such an event had never before happened in his ball room. While the reciprocal vociferations of the two strangers went on at a "howling rate," Joseph, one of the old soldiers on duty at the entrance was sent for, as he understood half a dozen different languages.

"Tell this rascally Turk, that he's a dead beat, a bum, a heathen, a free lunch fiend," roared Jefferson, tugging at Joseph.

Joseph faithfully acquitted himself of his commission.

"Tell this Christian that I will kill him as I would a dog," cried the Afghan.

Joseph repeated this amiable response. This lasted for several minutes, Joseph going from one to the other translating the most hostile defiance. Their fury increased to white heat on discovering the departure of the ladies. The crowd made a circle round the two strangers. This scandal could not be permitted to last longer.

"Gentlemen," Ernest caused to be translated to them, "in France, gentlemen of your rank never quarrel this way, they go out and fight a duel."

"Yes, yes, a duel!" howled the strangers, when Joseph had explained the meaning of the phrase, "a duel at once, a death duel!"

They left the ball room with Joseph and Ernest. Arrived in the courtyard a reflection came to Joseph.

"You will want seconds," he said to them.

"There is no necessity for seconds," cried the Afghan.

"The eye of Mahomet will be sufficient."

"Explain to them that the eye of Mahomet will never do," urged Ernest.

"Gentlemen," said Joseph, "you would be very wrong to fight without seconds. I am a sub-officer of Zouaves. I am a chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and my comrade, Buisson, who is stationed at the door, was in the Chasseurs of the Guard. As you may find it difficult to obtain seconds we will, if you desire, offer ourselves for want of better."

The strangers accepted with fervor, and a few minutes after a carriage was brought into the courtyard. Jefferson and Ali Khan sat in the back and Joseph and Buisson on the front seats facing them.

"What about weapons?" asked Ernest.

"I have everything that will be required," gravely responded Buisson. Then he said to the coachman:

"To the Bois de Boulogne!"

The carriage set off.

"Those ladies were pretty right to go the Maison d'Or," reflected Ernest. "Where is the affair going to stop and how is it to end, and stepping into a fiacre he ordered it to follow the carriage."

The carriage was one of those dreadful night cabs, attached to a white horse that limped like a lame duck.

"I wonder," said Joseph to his comrade, "if we go at this pace will we get to the Bois de Boulogne by tomorrow night?"

"That's true, we must get on faster."

At this moment the carriage debouched on the Boulevard Haussmann and rumbled into the square of the Expiatory monument.

"A thought!" said Joseph. "If we get out and go into the square, eh?"

"Bravo!" responded Buisson.

He transmitted the order to the coachman, who appeared enchanted at the thought of stopping. Unfortunately the gates of the square were closed.

"Go around the monument till the hour comes for opening the gates," said Buisson.

The carriage commenced to crawl round by the Rue Neuve-des-Mathurins, the Rue d'Anjou and the Rue Pasquier.

"Where the deuce is he taking them?" asked Ernest of himself, considerably astonished at this turn about movement.

At length, at break of day, when the carriage had made about thirty turns around the square, an old porter opened the gates. The carriage stopped and the four travellers alighted. Astonished at first, the porter recognized the uniform of the hotel guards, and imagined that they had brought two strangers to see the monument at day dawn. As for Ernest, content with knowing that the duel was to take place, he ordered his coachman to cease his rotations, and to retake the direction of the boulevard.

While seeking a favorable spot for the encounter Joseph asked his comrade:

"Where are your arms?"

"I have brought my sword care."

"Sacre bleu! What do you mean. A single cane for two adversaries?"

"They will draw lots. One shall have the cane, the other the sword."

"It's a little awkward, but I will propose it to them."

At first, much astounded at this French custom, the two strangers demanded the sword with touching equanimity. This was impossible. They drew lots. Yakob-Ali-Khan won the sword and Jefferson the cane.

"Now, what are they to do when they are going to fight?" asked Buisson of his comrade?

"I have always heard that fifteen paces were counted."

"Why fifteen paces?"

"I don't know. Custom, I suppose."

Buisson stepped fifteen paces, placed the combatants facing one another at that distance, then he clapped his hands thrice. The adversaries gazed at one another. It was impossible to engage in fighting at that distance.

"Ass!" said Joseph, "how do you imagine they can fight?"

"I tell you it is according to custom." Suddenly Jefferson was seized by an idea. Recalling American duels, with one bound he cleared the chains that bordered the garden, and disappeared behind at an angle at the base of the monument.

Yakob-Ali-Khan pursued him, brandishing his sword, and uttering the most discordant yells.

The porter began to feel puzzled.

At the moment that Yakob-Ali rushed past the gate going on the Rue d'Anjou, Jefferson leaped from his hiding place, and bestowing a heavy whack of the cane on his adversary's rear, quickly retired behind a tree. The Afghan charged at the tree, and a wild chase commenced from tree to tree, lasting until the two adversaries became breathless, and had to fling themselves on the steps of the monument, glaring and puffing at each other.

Joseph, in spite of himself, became interested in the American who, thanks to the absurd idea of Buisson, was so poorly armed.

"Go up quickly to him," he whispered to Jefferson.

"Menace his head, but give him a couple of good pruds in the belly."

Yakob-Ali Khan was very much embarrassed. He hesitated to use his sword against an adversary only armed with a cane. While he reflected, however, he had only time to parry a blow at his head, his gold sword knot hitting him in the eye, when he received a tremendous whack of the cane in the stomach.

"Bravo!" cried Joseph.

Jefferson was in a frenzy of excitement. After menacing the stomach he took a whack at the fez then he whacked all round, while Yakob-Ali-Khan, blinded by the sword knot, did not know what he was doing, and kept striking wild blows in the air with his sword.

The porter set off in hot haste to bring up the policeman stationed in the Rue Laivoisier.

All of a sudden the sound of carriage wheels was heard, and Henriette and Lucie, who had been fetched by Ernest appeared on the scene. The supper must have been a good one, for these ladies appeared to be in the wildest possible spirits. They rushed forward, and Henriette precipitating herself on the bosom of the Afghan, cried:

"My old Pelikan, I adore you. We will never part any more."

"Beetle! Waggen! Steeplechase Dam!" blurted Lucie, embracing Jefferson, while searching her memory for some English words that she knew. This unexpected denouement completely disarmed the adversaries.

Why resume fighting when the girls had returned? Jefferson extended his hand to Yakob-Ali-Khan, who pressed it to his heart. Joseph wept, Buisson wept, and even Ernest was quite moved. At this moment the policeman arrived in a terrible fuss, his sword in his hand.

"Pshaw! What did you wake me up for?" he angrily asked of the porter.

"Oh, you have just risen, have you?" said Henriette.

"Well, we are going to bed. Good-night, Mr. Policeman."

And the whole party, arm-in-arm, remounted the carriage in the midst of peals of laughter, while the exasperated policeman swore at the porter, whom he intended to report.

[THE END.]

Next week a famous metropolitan beauty will be revealed in all her charms to the readers of the POLICE GAZETTE. "New York Naked," will be found the boss sensation of the year.

## HE GAVE THEM A STIFF.

[With Portrait.]

Edwin O. Huss recently acquired some notoriety by declaring that he had married Lotta Crabtree, the well known actress. When he made this startling statement Lotta had started for Europe and was on the breast of the briny deep. She could therefore neither corroborate nor deny it. So for some days Huss became the recipient of numerous letters of congratulation from his friends, tailors, shoemakers and haters, all of whom looked forward to the settlement of his numerous debts with Lotta's little boodle. But the truth was bound to come out at last, and when it did, and the different persons mentioned above ascertained that Huss had been "giving them a stiff," they burst into a howl of disappointment such as has been seldom heard before. We present a portrait of this *farceur*, as the French would call him, in the uniform of a naval officer. This is one of the many disguises in which he has masqueraded during his mysterious career.

## A PARTING KISS.

A singular accident occurred at Rena, Nev., recently, which from present indications will prove fatal. A young man was out for a walk with a young lady, also well known here and at Carson, and on arriving at the home of the young lady a good-night kiss was carelessly indulged in, and through some miscalculation the young man swallowed a lady's false teeth—four in number. It was agreed between the unfortunate couple to keep it a secret, but the pain was so intense that the young gentleman was obliged to summon a physician, and in that way the secret leaked out. The attending physician says unless the patient gets relief the accident is almost sure to prove fatal. The names of the parties are withheld out of respect for their feelings. They are of the highest respectability.

## SOCIETY ON SPORT.

What William H. Vanderbilt, the Prince of Wales, Bismarck, the Czar and others Think of the Sullivan-Slade Match, and American Athletics Generally.

The society reporter having been deputized to ascertain the opinions of the most distinguished personages, native and foreign, on the Sullivan-Slade match, and American athletics generally, drove first to the palace of William H. Vanderbilt. He found Mr. Vanderbilt practicing at a diamond stuffed sandbag with the gloves, with a set of the POLICE GAZETTE rules tacked to the walls of his boudoir.

"I done it that time," cried Mr. Vanderbilt, as he knocked the stuffing out of the bag and scattered a rain of gems over the floor. "Hooray for Fox. He's the man to train by."

"What is your opinion of the Sullivan-Slade match, Mr. Vanderbilt?" asked the reporter.

"I hain't got no opinion of it at all," replied Mr. Vanderbilt, with contempt. "Wait till you see the next match, that's all."

"Who will it be between?" queried the reporter.

"Between me and Sullivan" was the reply. "You'll have my picture next week for the GAZETTE, and tell Fox I'd like to have the diamonds in it colored."

Mr. Jay Gould was splicing the main brace on the Atalanta, when the society reporter boarded her, while a steward held a golden slop bowl ready.

"I have considered entering the ring against Sullivan, it is true," said Mr. Gould. "But have hesitated at choosing a backer. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher at first signified his willingness to act in that capacity, but for some singular reason withdrew his consent at the last moment. If you think, however—"

And he whispered mysteriously.

The society reporter was compelled to assure him that the POLICE GAZETTE had all the unknown on hand that it wanted. Mr. Gould shed tears and was visibly unnerved. He could barely hand the reporter his portrait and gasp a request for publication.

"I understand, Mr. Beecher," said the society reporter to that eminent divine, whom he found adapting Zola's "Confessions of Claude" to a sermon: "that you at one time contemplated boxing Mr. Jay Gould in a match against John Sullivan?"

"I did," replied Mr. Beecher promptly.

"And that you have since changed your mind?"

"I have."

"Have you any objections to telling the POLICE GAZETTE why?"

"On the contrary," said Mr. Beecher, "I will be pleased to tell the GAZETTE anything it wants to know. I admire the GAZETTE," Mr. Beecher went on, in tones tremulous with emotion. "I love, I adore that noble monument to the perfection of modern journalism. If you want my portrait you can have it with pleasure. I declined backing Mr. Gould in the match simply because I want a whack at Sullivan myself. I want to knock the starch out of him," cried Mr. Beecher, "before that limber legged galoot, Tai madge, gets his fraudulent fine work in."

The Rev. Talmadge was next visited. He admitted having a match with Sullivan in view.

"And if ever I get at him," he said, "he is gone."

"You speak confidently," observed the reporter.

"I have a right to," replied Mr. Talmadge, significantly. "Look what I've got to speak with."

The reporter recoiled from the ghastly chasm. Mr. Talmadge closed his mouth and smiled reassuringly.

"What chance do you think Sullivan will have if I open it when he makes a rush at me?" he demanded, with a meaning wink and an expansive smile.

Accepting a portrait for publication, the reporter climbed over Mr. Talmadge's feet and staggered from the awful scene.

The Prince of Wales was cabled to as follows:

"Report that you are to meet Sullivan, is it true?" "R. K. Fox."

The reply was prompt.

"TOWER OF LONDON, 11 P. M., Aug. 12.

"DEAR FOX—Sorry, but can't oblige. Will meet you anywhere you say, and match pennies for the wine. Portrait by mail. Yours,

WALEY."

The king of Spain, in response to a similar inquiry, telegraphed as follows:

"Would be happy to knock Sullivan out, but Christ has trained me down too fine. Will meet Slade, however, subject to POLICE GAZETTE rules, if you will back me. Man and money ready at the Escorial. Will be photographed to-morrow."

"ALFONSO."

A special train enabled the society reporter to run President Arthur down in the Yellowstone Park. The President and General Sheridan were playing football with a tribe of Sioux. The President desisted from this employment with evident reluctance.

"It's good training, you know," he said, meaningly.

"Then it is true?" queried the reporter.

"It is," was the reply.

"You are?"

"I am."

"Oh! God help poor Sullivan," ejaculated General Sheridan, bursting into tears, while he extracted portraits of himself and the President, in eleven picturesque positions, from his breast pocket.

The Czar was cabled to on Friday night. Saturday morning brought this response:

"ANITCHKIN DVOR, SAINT-PETERBURG, Aug. 11te. "MILI DROUG FOX—Ya prikhal bis udovolstierem yesli eto bvil vosmojna. A ya bolous chto Sozialisti menia napadaiut v tom-je sluchie net nuli drug, hatia ya dajé magon Sullivan 1 ubit, ya predpotchitalon asantisia v Rossie gde nikakoi dynamit ne nakhoditsia."

"ALECK."

This was accompanied by a portrait of the Czar, drawn by the Edison electric process. If the fourth translator gets through in time without following his predecessors to the hospital, we will publish a translation of the Czar's communication as an extra.

## MURDERED AT CHURCH.

On the afternoon of August 2 five pistol shots, fired quickly, startled the people at Big Ivy, near Weaver-ville, N. C., as they were gathered at a Baptist church, attending a protracted meeting. It was found that John G. Brigrman had been shot and killed by Tucker Buckner. Four days before Brigrman and a brother of the murderer had quarrelled; at the meeting in the morning Brigrman and Buckner had a quarrel. The latter attempted to arrest Brigrman, assisted by Elbert Clark. Brigrman ran off, was pursued by Clark and Buckner, who shot at him five times, the last shot killing him, fired by Buckner.



## THE NEWARK REGATTA.

## The Annual Meeting of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen.

Representatives from Boating Clubs in all parts of the United States and Canada in Friendly Contest.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The eleventh annual regatta of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen was held on the Passaic river, at Newark, N. J., on Aug. 7, 8 and 9. Over two hundred oarsmen from the East, West, North and South figured in the great rowing carnival. The races were rowed over a one-mile-and-a-half course and return.

In the first heat junior single sculls were James J. Coburn, Newark Institute; Robert H. Bryan, Atlanta B. C.; B. H. Coughlin, Bath R. C. Me.; Thomas McDermott, Middlesex B. C., Cambridgeport, Mass. Bryan won in 10m 7½s. Coughlin was second, but was disqualified for a foul, and second place was given to McDermott.

In the first heat, senior single sculls, the starters were Dennis J. Casey, Central B. C., Boston; Frank Henderson, Malta R. C., Philadelphia. This was a close contest, and was won by Casey by a length and a half in 9:15.

In the second heat junior single sculls the entries were: City Point R. A., Boston, John E. O'Rourke; Crescent, Boston, John F. Cumming; Keystone, Philadelphia, Gilbert Fitzgerald; Seawanhaka, Brooklyn, R. H. Pelton; Bradford, Cambridge, Mass., J. Killon. Killon won in 8:52½, the fastest single sculler's time ever made over the course, and by a junior sculler at that; Cumming second.

The entries for the second heat of senior singles were: Portland, Portland, Me., John P. Buckley; Crescent, Boston, Daniel J. Murphy; Chatham, Chatham, Ont., W. B. Wells; Triton, Newark, Franklin Phillips; Athletic, New York, Joseph Maginn. Buckley won, but was disqualified for fouling Murphy, to whom the heat was awarded. Time, 9:00½. Wells was a close second, Maginn and Phillips nowhere.

In the third heat junior singles the field were: Pallade, Yonkers, J. I. Smith; Excelsior, Paterson, John Grayson; Nyack R. A., Nyack, J. O. Davidson; Essex R. A. Club, Newark, Thomas Wolters; Somerset, Boston, J. H. Kemp. Grayson captured the heat 9:23½; Wolters, 9:34½; Davidson, 9:37½.

The four-oared senior shells were then ordered out. The Ottawa Rowing Club represented Canada, as the Toronto crew (the champion four of Canada) were prevented from coming by the breaking of their shell. The Centennials, of Detroit, winners last year, did not arrive in time, and the Mutual four, of Albany, withdrew in consequence of Moseley, their stroke, having a very sore hand. The two crews starting were: The Ottawa Rowing Club, H. B. S. Lane, bow; D. A. Barrett, E. J. Johnson, J. F. O'Connor, stroke. The Bradford, Cambridge, Mass., J. Mahler, bow; J. D. Ryan, J. Killon, M. Neilon, stroke. The Canadians were over two lengths ahead at the mile, with the race well in hand; but on the last half they steered very badly and their rowing was decidedly ragged. The Bradford men now began to close the gap rapidly, and were soon ahead. The demoralization of the Canadian four was completed by a stupid yacht owner, who fired a gun, which was interpreted as a signal to stop at the finish. The Bradford crew made a similar mistake and stopped also, but recovered first and finished the winners in 8:13.

In the second race for senior fours were: Wolvenhook, Greenbush, N. Y.—Robert I. Wilson, bow; James I. Miles, Fred. Mitch, Frank W. Tompkins, stroke. Hillsdale, Hillsdale, Mich.—L. F. Bechard, bow; Alex. Stock, T. Havens, C. W. Terwilliger, stroke. Crescent, Philadelphia—C. H. Hallowell, bow; W. T. Wallace, M. W. Phillips, J. M. Andrews, stroke. The famous Hillsdale crew appeared with two new hands at the bellows. The race was delayed by their breaking an oar, and at the start they indulged in a general foul with both of their competitors. The Crescents poked their rudder through the bow of the Hillsdale's shell. Before the half mile was reached they began to sink, and boat and crew were picked up by the press steamer. The Wolvenhooks took the heat in 8:30. The Crescents will be allowed to row in the final struggle to-day.

The next four-oared shell race was a surprise. The crews coming to the starting point were: Eclipse, New Orleans—F. Bilhardt, bow; J. Bilhardt, C. Husson, C. Rubin, stroke. Eureka, Newark—H. Max Jury, bow; Peter A. Saxton, George R. McCall, Fred. Watts, stroke. Argonauta, Bergen Point—Ed. Smith, bow; R. B. Osborn, E. P. Allen, Chas. W. Trask, stroke. The Argonauts appeared for the first time at a regatta of the association in several years. They were the favorites in the betting. They went off with a forty-four stroke, but soon settled down to thirty-eight. Before the half mile was reached the Eureka, in their ancient shell, forged up abreast, and were slowly, but surely, going ahead, despite the desperate efforts of the Argies. The Eureka slipped by the finish over two lengths ahead, in 8:16½.

In the third heat of senior singles the starters were: Mutals, Albany—Charles E. Bulger; Portland, Portland, Me.—W. E. O'Connell; St. John, New Orleans, Ed. Waterman; Grand Trunk, Montreal—Joseph Lang. The Canadians backed Lang very heavily. The Southerner quit at the quarter. At this point the Canadian was a length ahead of O'Connell, and Bulger, to the astonishment of all, was nowhere. O'Connell gave Lang plenty of work for a while, but he finally slipped by the finish an easy winner of the heat in 8:34, O'Connell second.

John J. Murphy, Shawmut boat club, Boston; W. W. Stone, Wyandotte boat club, Wyandotte, Mich.; J. Pilkington, Metropolitan boat club, New York, came out for the final event of the day. Murphy soon took the lead, Pilkington apparently hanging back and not at his best. Murphy won in 9:00, Stone second.

On the second day the racing opened with the pair-oared race. The crews were the Mutual of Albany, the Ariel of Newark, the Union of New York, and the Albany Rowing Club of Albany. This was a rattling race. Up to the half mile the Ariels kept a slight lead. Then the Mutals took first place, the Unions quitting at the three-quarters. The Mutals increased their lead to two lengths at the finish, the Ariels second, and the Albany Rowing Club third. Mutals' time, 8m 54s.

In the double sculls the entries were: Portland, Portland, Me.; Don Amateur Rowing Club, Toronto Can.

The Canadians of the Don Amateur Rowing Club, did not appear, and O'Connell and Buckley, of Port-

land, walked over in the fastest time on record for the course, in 8:16.

The final heat of the junior singles was rowed by R. H. Bryan of the Atlantas, J. Killon of the Bradfords, Cambridge, Mass., and J. Grayson of the Excelsiors, Paterson. Killon soon slipped to the front. Grayson got into Bryan's water, and as they locked oars they came to a full stop, while Killon won in 9:20½.

The four-oared junior shells brought into line the crews of Institutes Nos. 1 and 2 of Newark, the Alciones of Elizabeth, and the Mutals of Albany. The Alciones and Mutals had it hammer and tongs, and at the mile it was still anybody's race. Both crews increased their strokes into the forties, and came flying down to the grand stand almost abreast. It was nip and tuck even to the last foot, and the Alciones dashed by the finish the winners in 8:16½, their bow tip being a couple of feet only ahead of the Mutals.

The final heat of the senior singles brought out D. J. Casey, of the Centrals, Boston; J. J. Murphy, of the Shawnuts, Boston; J. Laing, of the Grand Trunk, Montreal; D. J. Murphy, of the Crescents, Boston, and J. Donohue, of the Port Hurons, Mich. At the quarter the Canadian had forged a length ahead of the Shawmut man, the other Murphy being third. Near the finish the Crescent Murphy passed the Shawmut Murphy and took second place. Laing won by over three lengths in 8:44.

The four-oared senior shell final heat brought out the crews of the Crescents, Philadelphia; Eureka, Newark; Wolvenhook, Greenbush, N. Y., and Bradfords, Cambridge, Mass. The Eureka won, much to the joy of Newark, after a good race all around, in 8:16½, Crescents and Bradfords almost abreast at the finish, with the Crescents in second place.

The concluding event of the regatta was the race between the eight-oared shells. The betting was in favor of the Metropolitans, although the Newark men backed the Ariels heavily. The crews were the Ariels, Newark; the Metropolitans, New York; the Unions, New York; the Columbians, Washington. The Ariels and Unions kept a slight lead for a minute, and then the Metropolitans dashed ahead and took a lead of a length. At the quarter the Washington crew found the pace too fast, and virtually quit. The Metropolitans dashed by the mile post as fresh as daisies, with the Unions, however, dangerously near them. The three crews made a good race, but the Metropolitans whirled by the finish the winners in 7:51, the Unions about a length astern.

The consolation races of the regatta were rowed on August 10. The sport began with the first heat of the junior single sculls. The starters were:

J. J. Coburn, Newark Institute; J. O. Davidson, Nyack; Thomas Wolters, Essex, Newark. Wolters won in 12m 7½s; Coburn, 12:12½.

In the second heat, junior singles, were: John E. Rourke (City Point, Boston); R. H. Bryan, Atlanta, and Gilbert Fitzgerald, Keystone, Philadelphia.

Bryan finished at his ease in 11:25. The final heat of the junior singles brought out the first two in each of the preceding heats, except O'Rourke. Coburn was disqualified for fouling Wolters, who received second place. Bryan winning in 9:42½.

In the first heat of the senior singles were: Ariel, Newark—T. F. Keer. Port Huron, Port Huron, Mich.—Jeremiah Donohue. Portland, Portland, Me.—John T. Buckley. Triton, Newark—Franklin Phillips.

Buckley won in 9:58. The starters in the second heat, senior singles, were: W. E. O'Connell, Portland; W. W. Stone, Wyandotte; Dennis J. Casey, Central, Boston.

O'Connell winning by two lengths in 12:29½. In the final heat for senior singles only Buckley and Stone started. Buckley won by over three lengths, in 9:18½.

The crews in the pair-oared gig race were: Ariel, Newark—T. F. Keer, bow; C. Oakley, stroke; G. Van Fleet, coxswain. Eureka, Newark—H. Max Jury, bow; Peter A. Saxton, stroke; D. McMillan, coxswain. Pioneer, Brooklyn—Theo. Richard, Jr., bow; W. B. Young, stroke; G. L. Thatcher, coxswain. The Eureka gained additional honors for their club colors, passing the finish the winners in 12:31, four lengths ahead of the Ariels.

In the four-oared shell race the crews were: Mutual, Albany—Robert Carson, bow; Louis Mitchell, Peter Snyder, Samuel Webster, stroke. Nonpareil, New York—Fred. Snelder, bow; Herman Kreuger, J. Maas, Wm. Mulcare, stroke. Institute, Newark—Owen P. Mahon, bow; M. J. McGearry, N. K. Harris, Owen Conlon, stroke. The referee gave the race to the Nonpareils. Time, 9:32.

The double scullers were: Metropolitan, New York—W. R. Kent, bow; J. Pilkington, stroke. Crescent, Boston—J. P. Fox, bow; D. J. Murphy, stroke. Wolvenhook, Greenbush, N. Y.—R. I. Wilson, bow; Frank W. Tompkins, stroke. The Metropolitans won by over four lengths in 9:53½. The Hillsdale four next rowed over on time, passing the finish in 8:23½.

In the six-oared gig race the crews were: Union, New York—P. J. Engle, bow; Oscar Berger, O. L. Stephens, M. B. Kaesche, W. S. Lalor, Aug. Schneider, stroke; J. S. Harden, coxswain. Metropolitan New York—W. E. Cody, bow; R. Schile, B. A. Jackson, M. Wilson, R. E. Nagle, J. Pilkington, stroke; T. M. McIntyre, coxswain. Mutals, Albany—Charles E. Bulger, bow; Robert Carson, Louis Mitchell, Peter Snyder, Samuel Webster, W. S. Mosely, stroke; Charles Pelpenbrink, coxswain.

The Metropolitans finished several lengths ahead of the Mutals in 8:16.

The last event was the eight-oared shell race. It was the closest and most exciting of the three days' racing.

The crews were: Union, New York—P. J. Engle, bow; O. Berger, J. Walters, Wm. Schuber, Max B. Kaesche, O. J. Stephens, Wm. Lalor, Jr., August Schneider, stroke; J. T. Harden, coxswain.

Columbia, Washington—W. A. Smith, bow; R. J. W. Brewster, James Young, J. C. Koondrup, Q. Mackall, Oscar Woodward, R. H. Wade, F. A. Nute, stroke; W. H. Gibson, coxswain.

The Unions won in 7m 49s, Columbia second.

## EVA BYRON.

[With Portrait.]

Miss Byron has for some years been ranked among the pretty women of the American stage. It is for that reason we present her picture. As an actress she has not developed any startling brilliancy, nor is she ever likely to. If she does we will print her portrait again.

## A SAD EVENT.

The Invalid Wife of a Well Known Lawyer Accidentally Kills her Husband.

[Subject of Illustration.]

At Bloomfield, the Worthington homestead, in the peaceful Worthington valley, two miles from Reisterstown, Md., one of the most frightful tragedies was enacted on the night of Aug. 6 that ever shocked a community. The invalid wife of Louis Lawrence Conrad, the well known Baltimore lawyer, who had been suffering intense agony, rose at midnight, and while flourishing a pistol around in her hand the weapon was discharged, shooting her husband, who was sleeping by her side, through the head, killing him instantly.

The affair in all of its details is sad and shocking. The lady who did the shooting is a cousin of Chas. Edward Hanson, who killed Charles Ridgely White. Mr. Conrad and his wife who has been a confirmed invalid for years, came to Bloomfield, where her mother, Mrs. Mary G. Worthington, and her brother, John Tolly Worthington, live, to spend the summer. The trip was made on the recommendation of Dr. Riggin Buckler, of Baltimore. Mrs. Conrad has for years suffered excessively from neuralgia of the stomach, which has produced nervousness and insomnia. On the evening mentioned she was almost frantic with pain. Mr. Conrad asked her several times how she felt. "Oh, my love," she answered, "my nerves are settling me wild." Shortly after that Mr. Conrad gave her an inhalation of oxygen, which had been recommended by Philadelphia doctors. This was given her for five minutes. About 10 o'clock the couple retired to their room. About 12:20 o'clock Mrs. Conrad ran screaming into her mother's room, which adjoins the one occupied by herself and her husband, and in the south end of the building. She was terribly excited, and cried out, "Oh, my God, I have hurt Mr. Conrad."

Mrs. Worthington, who is old and infirm, got out of bed and, followed by her daughter, proceeded to the other room. Here, to her horror, she found her son-in-law dead, the blood trickling from a wound in the head back of the left ear, and a Remington revolver of thirty-two one-hundredths calibre on the bed. Death had been instantaneous. John Tolly Worthington was awakened by the screams of his mother. He ran toward the death chamber and met his sister. In conversation with a reporter, he said: "When I saw my sister she was terribly excited. 'My God,' she said, 'My God, Tolly, is he (meaning her husband) hurt?' I ran into the bedroom. Conrad lay on his side in the bed. I picked up one of his hands which hung over the side and felt his pulse just beating. Meantime my sister had fallen on the bed. She tried to go to her husband, but was too weak to walk. I carried her into another room and put her to bed with her little son Tom. She also said: 'My God! I accidentally shot him. I had the pistol in my hand and it went off by accident.'" Mrs. Conrad has often said she wanted to die, and to live in this misery was worse than death.

The relations between herself and husband have been very tender. She never could bear to have him out of her sight, and he idolized her and gave up his business to attend to her. His whole life was devoted to her comfort. They have been married for fourteen years. They have one son, Charlie, aged ten. He knew nothing of his father's death till the news was broken to him this morning. The impression is that Mrs. Conrad had intended to kill herself, and that Mr. Conrad was awakened and in attempting to take the pistol away from his wife it went off by accident. Mrs. Conrad is 48 years old. She is prostrated and in a very critical condition.

## A RIVER HORROR.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A case has just come to light at Hawesville, Ky., that has about it many of the features of the drowning of the Soust children in the North River. A boatman, who had a bad reputation, made a precarious living by carrying passengers from the Kentucky to the Indiana side of the Ohio river. Some time ago his boat was found floating bottom upward in the river, and no trace of the man could be found until a few days ago, when his dead body was cast up on the shore. It was evident that the body had been in the water for some time, and that the man came to his death by drowning.

There was much mystery about the affair until a farmer living in the neighborhood came forward and gave a solution of the matter. According to the story of the young girl, who is about 14 years old, the boatman enticed her into the boat on the promise of a row. When he got her into the middle of the river he attempted to take improper liberties with her. In the struggle that ensued the boat was capsized and the occupants were thrown in the water. The girl clung to the boat, which drifted against a rock, from which she managed to wade ashore. Her family kept the matter quiet to avoid scandal, not knowing that the man had been drowned. The matter was thoroughly investigated by the coroner, and it was found that the man, although having pilled upon the river for years, was unable to swim. It was also discovered that he had previously made similar attempts on other young girls living in the neighborhood. Out of respect for the old farmer, who is one of the most respectable residents of the locality, the matter has been kept as quiet as possible.

## BAPTIZED IN BEER.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Mrs. Snyder, who keeps a beer saloon in Hoboken, got even with one of her unwelcome customers a few days ago. Dutch Pete, as he is called, is a frequenter of the establishment, but not a very desirable one for the landlady, as he is always hanging around waiting to be asked, or trying to hang the boss up for a drink. The former peculiarity has driven away some good customers, and the latter has become monotonous. Pete was an early caller the other morning, and seeing that the madame was about to tap a fresh keg of beer, asked her if his face was good for a drink.

"Neln, for nothings your face is good, and right out your mouth if I want no shin musics," said the indignant widow, as she rolled the keg toward the horse.

"But," persisted the thirsty Pete, "if I helps you wid de beer keg up, and figs de spigot all right, will you give me ter drink?"

It was a warm day, and Jake, the bartender, had slipped out the side door to mash the shop girls on their way to the ferry.

The madame, with a peculiar glitter in her eye that the bummer did not notice replied: "Yah, Pete, you up puds dot keg I gives more as dot beer as you wants."

Dutchey, with visions of unlimited schooners, quickly raised the keg into position, and had just driven in the bung, when the vigorous dame seized the faucet and with a jerk drew it out. Seizing the old soak by the throat she held him in front of the keg while the beer rushed out and deluged him.

As he struggled from her grasp, half strangled and blinded, she said: "Dare, you old pum, is dot more beer as what you wants?"

## THE CHAMPION'S HOUSE WARMING.

Opening of John L. Sullivan's New Saloon in Boston.

[Subject of Illustration.]

John L. Sullivan, the champion pugilist, opened his saloon on Washington, near Elliot street, Boston, on Aug. 7. Sporting men from all parts of the country were present, and it was estimated that there was over 20,000 persons present. The crush was so great that the ornamental rail in front of the bar was broken. This was soon removed, and the accident caused little comment. The crowd were too anxious to see the famous pugilist to mind whether their zeal damaged anything or not.

While noting the elegant decorations of the place the crowd were pushing to and fro, the chief aim of each spectator being a chance to stare at the top of Sullivan's white hat, which appeared occasionally above the heads of the row of men at the bar. There were many calls for him to show himself and address "his friends," but the champion did not deign to respond.

Among the throng were seen the ambitious youth of Boston from all ends, each one finding his broad shoulders useful in maintaining a position. Occasional disturbances occurred between them, but no quarrel became a row because, firstly, there was generally more brag than pluck in the feud, and secondly, because there was no room to come to blows. About 9 o'clock, however, the crowd outside became so unruly that the police force on hand was increased to 68 men, all told, including eight mounted. A line of officers was placed in front of the door, and no one admitted who was not known as a friend of Sullivan, or prominent in athletics or sports. This had the effect of reducing the crowd inside and rendering life a little more endurable there. Those who came with the idea of revelling round a free bar found their mistake very soon, for not only had all liquors a price, but in some cases a double price, while mixed drinks could not be obtained at all. Treating was, however, the order of the day, and many an impecunious sport with ready tongue and undisciplined cheek found himself filling up at other people's expense. Several sporting men from New York and other parts of the country were present, and the sporting fraternity of Boston were numerously represented.

At 12 o'clock the doors were closed and the opening was ended, and yet hundreds of men, boys and even women were standing at that hour on the sidewalks, peering as best they could into the doors and windows under the magic sign—John L. Sullivan.

## A BURGLAR'S WEDDING.

In the vestry of the little Unitarian church, within a stone's throw of the King's County Penitentiary, on Aug. 7, Miss "Red Nell" Lyons was married to James Trevelyall Twace, more familiarly known to the police as "Jimmy the Brace." Mr. Twace is an Englishman, and was a "pall" of "Denny" Brady, the masked burglar, who is now serving a 20 years' term of imprisonment in Auburn prison. Mr. Twace was released from the King's County Penitentiary last week, after serving what is known in thieves' parlance as a "five-years' stretch." Miss "Red Nell" Lyons was a shop-lifter, who during Twace's incarceration gave evidence of her affection for him by frequent visits and more frequent letters of sympathy and encouragement.

The couple were married in the presence of a half dozen friends. The lady wore a white brocade silk dress, very décolleté, with black velvet accessories and diamonds, set in black enamel, blazing on her neck, arms and luxuriant flaxen-straw-brick-colored hair. Mr. Twace was attired as if for a funeral, in a suit of black broadcloth, with black necktie, and black enamel shirt studs.

When the marriage ceremony was over the bride reversed the rule in such cases, and with a hearty laugh threw her arms around the clergyman's neck and kissed him on each cheek.

"If she does that again I'll get jealous, parson," observed Mr. Twace, smilingly, as he thrust a crisp \$50 note into the blushing and horrified clergyman's hand.

## OSTRANDER SENT TO GLORY.

[With Portrait.]

William Henry Ostrander murdered his brother, George Lyman, in a most cruel manner on Dec. 26, 1880, near Utica, N. Y. On Friday, Aug. 10, he expiated his crime on the gallows in the yard of Utica Jail. He died cursing mother, sister, friends, and everybody who had done him any favor. The night preceding the execution Ostrander kept awake, and was singing and shouting all the morning, till the officers and people began to arrive. At about 8:30 o'clock, on looking out of his cell window into the jail yard, where he could see the crowd, he became greatly excited and yelled out:

"I'm going to be hung at 10 o'clock, and the gallows are already in the yard. I'll walk out, by ———, and tell them to cut the ——— rope. I'll go plump to h—l in a minute, and in a wheel-barrow, too, and the man who cuts the rope will be in h—l to meet me."

The Rev. Father Ryan, a young Catholic priest, labored long and hard with him on the morning of the execution, and Ostrander said he wanted to receive the sacrament, and was ready for baptism, but when the priest told him he must prepare to confess his sins, repent and receive absolution, he said:

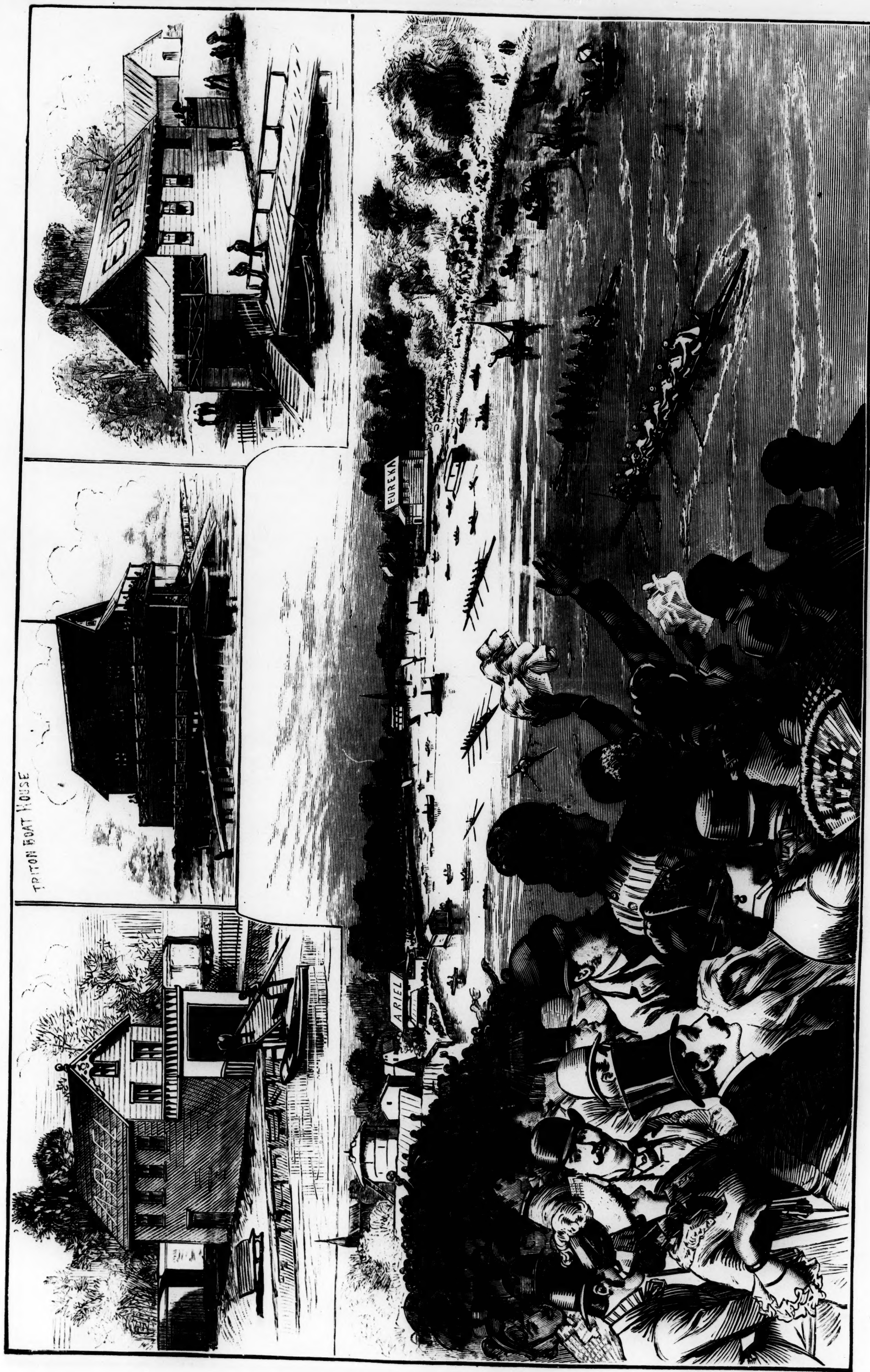
"I guess I'll worry along as I am."

## RICHARD K. FOX AND HIS REPRESENTATIVES.

[Continued from Page 13.]

With the now complete sporting staff the POLICE GAZETTE is prepared to furnish a referee of unimpeachable integrity for every event of importance for which a referee is needed. Proprietors or managers of boxing matches and fistic encounters, of pedestrian contests, and in short all athletic games whatever, are therefore invited to command the services we are always happy to render in the great cause of American sport.





THE NATIONAL ROWING REGATTA AT NEWARK, N. J.

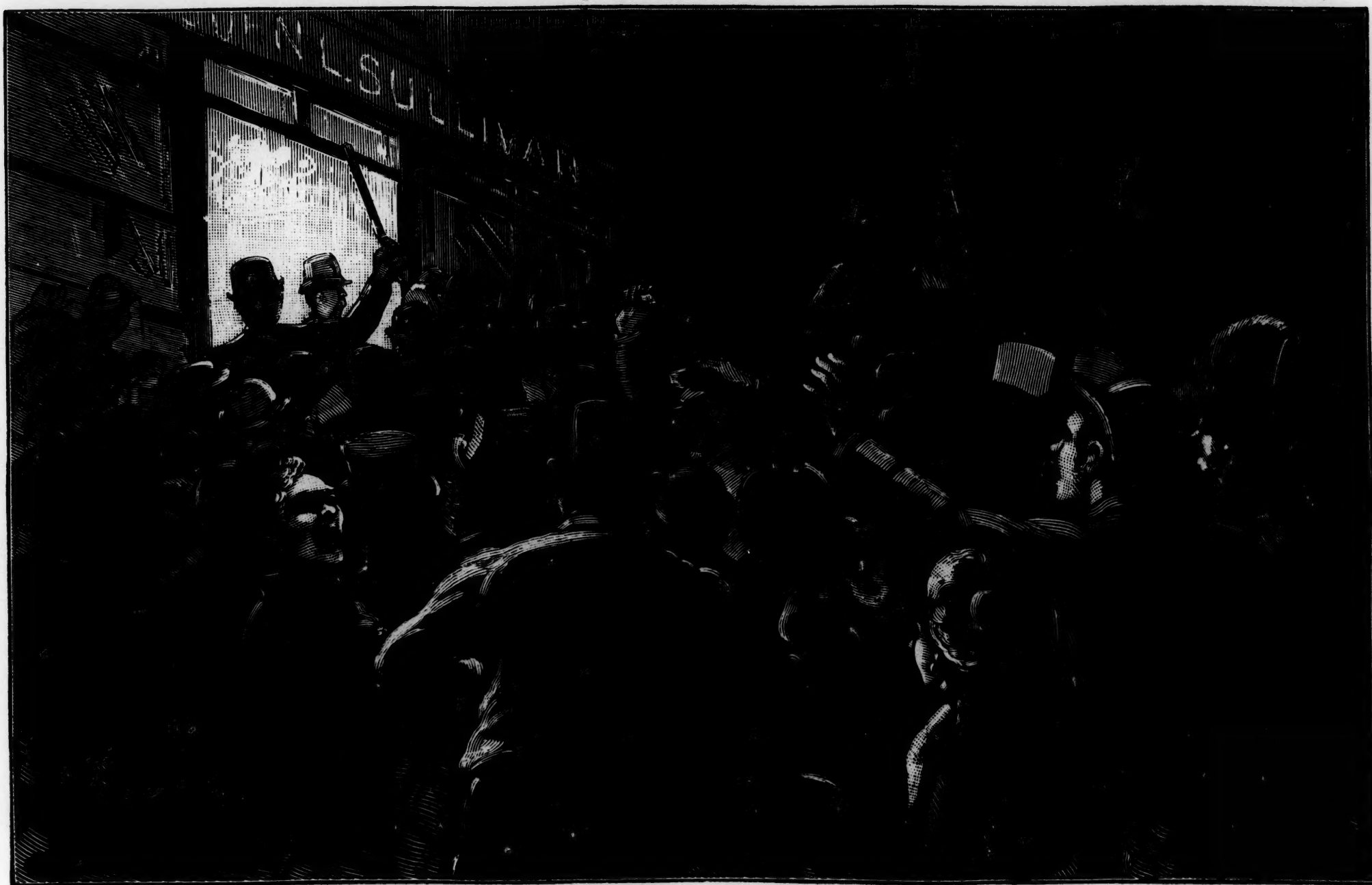
THE METROPOLITANS WINNING THE EIGHT-OARED RACE—FULL VIEW OF THE COURSE AND PRINCIPAL BOAT HOUSES.—From Sketches by Our Special Artist.





A SAD STORY FROM MARYLAND.

THE INVALID WIFE OF MR. LOUIS LAWRENCE CONRAD, OF BALTIMORE, ACCIDENTALLY KILLS HER HUSBAND WHILE SHE IS SUFFERING A DELIRIUM OF PAIN.



THE CHAMPION'S HOUSE WARMING.

ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION OF JOHN L. SULLIVAN AT THE OPENING OF HIS NEW SALOON ON WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, AFTER HIS RETURN WITH LAURELS AND GREENBACKS FROM HIS BOUT WITH SLADE.



## THE PRIZE RING.

## Some of the Noted Battles of the Good Old Days of Fisticiana.

## Notes and Comments on the Great Sullivan and Slade Contest—More Lively Mills Expected.

JEM WARD'S BATTLES—Continued from last week.

At this time Ward was considered as an outcast from the milling world. The Pugilistic club forbade him the use of its ropes, and it was declared he would never again be permitted to enter the prize ring. Ward now, perforce, remained for a while in retirement, publishing in the interim more than one letter, in which he made full confession of his error, and promised to do all in his power to regain the confidence of the sporting world. It was not long before an incident occurred which brought him again before the "fancy," and mitigated the ill-feeling against him. After the battle between Hall and Wynnes on Wimbledon Common, on Tuesday, Feb. 4, 1823, Ward entered the ring for a small purse, having for his opponent Ned Baldwin, the celebrated "White-headed Bob." Ward's hitting was so severe, his style so finished, and his defence so scientific that he polished off his man in 20 rounds, occupying 19 minutes. Jem was now pronounced to be the best 12-stone man in the ring; but his repeated challenges in the *Dispatch* had not the desired effect, and he determined to rusticate for a while. At Bath Jem made a match for £60 with Rickers, the "West country champion," a 13-stone bruiser, whom he beat at Lansdown on Friday, July 2, 1823, in eight rounds, 16 minutes without a scratch. At Potsgrove fair, at Southampton and elsewhere, Jem displayed his abilities to the edification of the marines, seamen and yokels, by way of episode, polishing off Johnson ("Jimmy the Black") in 18 minutes, eight rounds, at Shirley Common, near Southampton, on the 24th of August, 1823. The news of these provincial victories, which duly found their way into the London papers, made the metropolitans somewhat envious of the continued country performances of their London "star." Accordingly, Jem was invited to town, and at the Fives Court announced that "a nobleman would back him against Josh Hudson for £100." To this "the John Bull fighter" politely replied as follows:

"To the Editor of the Weekly Dispatch:

"Sir—On perusing the daily papers, I find that Ward challenged me at the Fives Court on Tuesday last; you will therefore have the kindness, through your sporting journal, to inform him that the John Bull fighter whether abroad or at home, is always ready to accommodate any of his friends to afford a 'bit of sport.' If Mr. Ward or his backers will call at Mr. Randall's, the Hole-in-the Wall, Chancery lane, on Thursday evening next, Hudson will make a match either for £100 or £200 a side, as may suit his opponent.

"Yours, etc., JOSH HUDSON.

"Birmingham, Aug. 28, 1823."

How the men met on the classic battlefield of Moulsey Hurst, on the 11th day of November, 1823, and how, at the end of 35 minutes, after 15 desperate rounds, all fighting ones, Ward fell defeated but not disgraced, before the prowess of "the highest courage boxer in England," may be read in the "Chronicles of the Ring." Notwithstanding this defeat, Ward's friends, for he had now rehabilitated his character, mustered strongly, and readily backed him against Phil Sampson, "the Birmingham youth," who had recently defeated Bill Hall (in a second fight) and the formidable Aby Belasco. The battle, which took place at Colnbrook, June 21, 1824, lasted 50 minutes, 15 rapid rounds being spiritedly contested. The reporter of *Bell's Life* remarks: "It was delightful to witness the fine tactics of Ward, who reminded the older spectators of the renowned Jem Belcher. His winning so easily against so skillful a boxer and so hard a hitter as Sampson was a feather in his cap. He won his battle in a style seldom witnessed, almost without a scratch." Another report simply adds to its description: "Ward has the championship within reach if he does the right thing. He is by far the best big man out, as a natural two-handed fighter."

Two days after this (June 23) Cannon, of Windsor, beat Josh Hudson, and as Josh engaged Cannon for a second trial, Jem found himself momentarily shut out.

On the retirement of Tom Spring, in June, 1824, after his second fight with Jack Langan, public attention was divided as to the worthiest candidate for the vacant belt. Of course the Hibernian party was loud for Langan as the coming man. But, though there was some correspondence in the *Dispatch*, Pierce Egan's *Life in London* and the *ditto* of Bell, and although, at the Fives Court on July 1, 1824, Jem Ward took up the gauntlet thrown down by Langan at his benefit, the Irish champion declined to meet "the Black Diamond" for less than £300 a side, and soon after went on an Irish tour, on his return settling down at Liverpool as a publican. Three heavy weights at this period put forth claims to the then honorable distinction. These were Tom Cannon (the "Great Gun of Windsor"), Josh Hudson (the "John Bull fighter"), and "the Black Diamond." The admirers of Josh urged his defeat of Ward in December, 1823, but Cannon's friends retorted that their man, as yet unconquered, had beaten Hudson twice: first at Blackwater, June 23, 1824, and again at Warwick, Nov. 23, in the same year. Ward now, by request of Sir Bellingham Graham, sent out a general challenge to fight any man for £100, £200 or £300, receiving in the meantime a forfeit from Neale of £50, while Sampson once again offered himself for £100, and no time being lost, the men met at Perry Lodge, near Stony Stratford, on the 28th of December, 1824. The affair produced intense excitement, a contemporary chronicler estimating the spectators at 5,000 at least, though the day saw a continual downpour of rain. Tom Oliver, so many years commissary of the prize ring, with the veteran Paddington Jones, were seconds to Jem, the ponderous Peter Crawley and a Birmingham "friend" (not a Quaker) picking up Sampson. The reporter, whose physiological judgment we beg to doubt, says: "Sampson, who weighed 13 stone, was far better than in the former encounter; Ward's weight was 12 stone 7 pounds." The fight was a second edition of the first one, with "additions and improvements" by Ward. We give an excerpt from the 21st and 28th rounds:

"Twenty-first—Ward scarcely bore marks of the effects of his engagement.

"He had everything now, as Bill Gibbons would say, 'Like the bull in the china shop, all his own way.'

Two to one on Ward and no takers. The Brumm-

gem, though no counterfeit, was fast going to the bad. Ward, with his customary coolness, met Sampson as he came in, fought up vigorously until his man went down and fell over him.

"Twenty-fifth, Twenty-seventh, and last—Sampson tried a rush and almost reached Ward's head. The latter laughed and popped in a sounding right-hander on the body with the right, tapped him on the snuff-box with the left, and down went Sampson. Two more rounds followed, all one way. Sampson, although his spirit was willing, had no strength to second his intentions, and at the end of 37 minutes his friends took him away."

Ward had now reached "the topmost round on fortune's ladder" in the estimation of his friends, and he lost no time in replying to Cannon's challenge for £1,000 (of "Pea-green Hayne's" money) and the championship of England. Ward's backers, however, proposed £500 a side as a more prudent sum, and this was accepted by Jim with joyful alacrity.

On the 28th of May, 1825, Tom Spring, like many another public favorite, took another "farewell benefit" and spoke some more "last words," bidding adieu to all pretensions to further pugilistic honors. In the course of the evening Tom Cannon, after a set-to with Tom Oliver, came forward and stated that Mr. Hayne had consented to "post the coal" on his behalf to make the match with Ward, whereupon Peter Crowley expressed his disappointment, as he had come there to challenge Ward; but as Cannon had been beforehand with him he should be happy to fight the winner. Peter was loudly applauded.

The celebrity of the men, the large stake and the second treat of a meeting between Dick Curtis ("the Pet") and Peter Warren, both fixed for the 19th of July, 1825, produced a liberal offer from the inhabitants of Warwick and Leamington on condition that the fight should take place in their district. Truly, *tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis*. Freedom from interruption was guaranteed, and the choice offered of "the race course, or an inclosed ground adjoining a factory, capable of accommodating 10,000 persons, and to which none could obtain admission without leave." The latter spot was fixed upon, but the Mayor of Warwick declared "it would be too much to permit two great fights in his one mayoralty, and he was not ambitious of being called the fighting mayor!" In consequence of this warning, two stages were erected: one in the factory yard aforesaid, the other in a meadow outside the municipal jurisdiction. At 10 A.M. the mayor and his brother magistrate officials forbade the encounter, and the mighty crowd moved off to the meadow a mile from the town on the road to Birmingham. Sir John Rufford and Mr. Mann were the umpires, and the old squire, George Osbordeston, accepted the office of referee, as at the former battle between Cannon and Josh Hudson. There were 12,000 persons present, including a plentiful sprinkling of the patrician order and the elite of the sporting world. The heat was intense, the thermometer registering 91 degrees in the shade. Cannon was waited on by the two ex-champion Toms—Cribb and Spring; Ward had Tom Oliver and Jack Randall as his esquires. Cannon, who won the toss for corners, was placed by his seconds with his back to the blazing sun, the time-keeper marking 1255 o'clock. The battle was brief but fierce for ten minutes only, and nature failed the gallant Tom Cannon in the tenth round; the intense heat, coupled with the "nubbing" and jobbing of Ward reducing him to helplessness, from which he did not recover for full half an hour. At the finish Ward took him by the hand, but Cannon was insensible to this kindly action. Ward then descended from the stage, and mounted on a gray pony was led out of the ring in triumph. "Ward fought throughout with great steadiness, presence of mind and caution, and may be said to have won almost without a mark; but, like Cannon, we do not believe he would have lasted much longer under such broiling heat, notwithstanding his excellent condition. Ward had two severe falls, owing to Cannon's impetuous rushes, but no blow of any importance, except a round one under the left ear." In consequence of a remark during the battle the friends of Ward sent up a message to the Swan Hotel, where Mr. Hayne was staying, to say that they were ready to make a match with "any man" for £500 a side. Spring returned with the messenger, and named Brown (Big Brown), of Bridgenorth. This was at the moment declined on account of Brown's weight (15 to 16 stone), when Spring said he or Langan would fight Ward for £500; but the negotiations went off in talk, and no match was made.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The result of the glove contest between Sullivan and Slade at Madison Square Garden, Aug. 6, did not surprise us. The result of the encounter was what we foreshadowed in the *POLICE GAZETTE* on June 2, when we said:

"In regard to Slade's meeting Sullivan, the sporting public will make hasty conclusions, and look upon it as a farce. Slade has done enough fancy boxing already, and he will have to fight before the public will patronize any more of his exhibitions. If Sullivan is in the same form as when he met Mitchell, about one round will settle Slade."

After it was a fixed fact that the New Zealand giant was to meet Sullivan, we published the following in our edition of July 21:

"We are surprised to learn that after Mace and the Maori return to this country it is on the tapis for Slade to box Sullivan. Foolish Maori! His pugilistic star set when Richard K. Fox found out that he was only a dummy for Mace to punch at, and few sporting men will go to witness the meeting between him and Sullivan after the sorry show the Australian made in his two contests with Joe Coburn. Slade is not the sort of a pugilist to face Sullivan in either a glove contest or in the prize ring. His blows are like kisses compared with the sledgehammer thumps of the Boston Boy, and unless the pugilists have an understanding with each other the champion will settle him in two rounds. Sullivan when he boxes always hits hard—he never seems to play, but is always terribly in earnest. All we have to say is if Slade intends to fight Mitchell he had better let Sullivan alone, for he will have his hands full to defeat the little one from England, throwing out of consideration altogether the big one from Boston."

It will be seen by the above that the *POLICE GAZETTE* had weighed Slade and found him wanting. Since the contest, sporting men who followed Slade's colors, claim that he made a great stand against the champion, and that he is full of pluck. From what we saw on the 6th inst. it is very doubtful whether Slade's game or not. It was plain to all that he "turned tail" when Sullivan forced him to the ropes, and that he ran away. A soldier is seldom shot in the back during a charge, but frequently in a retreat. Slade received a straight left hander from Sullivan

when he was knocked off the stage, and if he had faced the music and not have shown the white feather the blow would have landed on the Maori's face. Sullivan could beat Slade in one round with the knuckles, and we should think on comparing the late affair with Mitchell's bout with Sullivan, that the young Englishman will whip Slade when they meet near Omaha, Neb., next month.

Sullivan's share in the gate money in his contest with Slade, was \$7,000. Slade received \$4,000. The gross receipts were \$13,400, and the net receipts \$11,000. The gate money did not come up to the Tug Wilson and Sullivan contest, which was \$16,000; but it exceeded the amount taken in when Mitchell and Sullivan met, the receipts on that occasion being \$11,000. Sullivan, after receiving his share, left on the 7th of August for Boston. At the Grand Central depot he was reading a full account of the contest in our paper, published that day, and he said: "The *POLICE GAZETTE* folks have done me justice this time, and I appreciate it." In regard to the contest Sullivan did not have much to say. He informed a *POLICE GAZETTE* representative that Slade is a very powerful man and very awkward to get at. To my surprise, he fought on the defensive. If he had forced the fighting I would have finished him in the first round. You must understand it is hard work to beat a man when he won't lead, and easy if he will come for it. Then you can meet him with double force, especially if your blow is landed first, because he runs against it and gets a good nose ender. I tell you it makes a man put his considering cap on. In regard to fighting again Sullivan said:

"I am going to rest and attend to my saloon. If any boxer wants to meet me all he has to do is to take a trip to Boston and I will accommodate him. But it must be in private, with a certain number of friends on each side, and they can set the sum from \$1,000 to \$20,000—first come, first served."

Slade was found by our representative at Harry Hill's. In reference to the contest, he said: "I don't think I had any the worst of the contest until I was knocked off the stage, when I fell very heavily on my back, and somehow or another I hadn't a friend to assist me in getting up. How I got up is a mystery to me. I was so dazed I did not know what I was doing."

"Sullivan's a good man," Slade continued. "He is the hardest hitter I have ever stood before. If any boxer on the list don't think so, all I have got to say is, try him. Jem Mace says he has been misinformed about Sullivan's abilities as a fighter. He tells me now that Sullivan is one of the best and most wonderful pugilists he ever saw. I learned more in my encounter with Sullivan than all the teaching and talking I have listened to in all my life had done for me. I am satisfied that when I meet Mitchell in the coming fight in Kansas City I will give a better account of myself."

On Aug. 8, Jem Mace, Henry Rice, Herbert A. Slade, and his trainer (Jack Brighton) left for Kansas City.

On August 6 Jack Boylan, of New York, and John Dempsey, of Brooklyn, met at the *POLICE GAZETTE* office, selected Richard K. Fox final stakeholder, and signed articles of agreement to fight according to the new rules of the London prize ring, for \$50 a side. Boylan's backer was represented by Tom McAlpine, while John Shanley put up the money for Boylan. The following is the protocol:

Articles of agreement entered into this 6th day of August, 1883, between Jack Boylan and John Dempsey. The said Jack Boylan and the said John Dempsey hereby agree to box a fair stand up glove contest, according to the new rules of the prize ring, with small gloves, by which the said Jack Boylan and the said John Dempsey hereby mutually agree to be bound. The said contest shall be for the sum of \$50 a side, and shall take place on the 14th day of August, 1883, in the State of New York, the man winning the toss to give the opposite party three days' notice of the place. The said Jack Boylan and John Dempsey to be confined to no pounds. The men shall be in the ring, according to agreement. The man absent shall forfeit the battle money. The expenses of the ropes and stakes shall be borne share and share alike. In pursuance of this agreement the sum of \$25 a side is now deposited in the hands of Richard K. Fox, who shall be final stakeholder. The remaining deposits shall be made as follows: The second, of \$25 a side, on the 13th day of August, 1883, between 10 and 11 o'clock. The said deposits must be put up not later than 4 o'clock on the days aforesaid, and either party failing to make good the amounts due at the time and place named shall forfeit the money down. The referee to be chosen on the ground. In case of magisterial interference the referee, if appointed, or the stakeholder if not, shall name the next time and place of meeting, if possible on the same day or in the same week, and either party failing to appear at the time and place specified by that official to lose the battle money. The stakes not to be given up unless by mutual consent, or until fairly won or lost by a fight, and due notice shall be given to both parties of the time and place of giving the money up.

In pursuance of this agreement we hereunto attach our names—

Witness, THOS. MCALPINE, JOHN SHANLEY.

WM. STEELE.

Recently at the Opera House, San Francisco, over 1,500 persons assembled to witness the glove fight in which T. O. Scott, Al. Hayman's unknown, was to attempt to knock out Harry Maynard in four three-minute rounds. Maynard was seconded by his brother Jack, with George Kelly for umpire, Hugh Cottle for referee and Ed. Piercy as trainer. Police Captain Short was present as supreme umpire and referee, and to prevent the affair degenerating into a prize fight. He closely inspected the gloves, and at one time seemed inclined to stop the game, and in fact made the pugilists discard the hard gloves for softer ones. Maynard was in perfect trim, and looked just as a bright little boxer ought to. The fight was never in doubt from the first moment. Scott's play was to make a rush and get in one of his terrible blows, but Harry's skill was too much for him, and instead of giving him the punishment he deserved. The first blow he received between the eyes dazed him. From thence onward the game was in Maynard's hands, and all he had to do was to knock Scott down whenever he pleased. Blood was pouring from Scott's nose, which had an ugly cut, and which subsequently was found to be broken, and from all parts of his face. Maynard's gloves were stained with blood, but Scott's were stainless. Scott was so clearly worsted that Capt. Short stepped into the ring and said:

"That man's beat. Haven't you had enough?" The audience yelled and shouted in appreciation of the fact, but Scott came up again only to be knocked down half a dozen times, and at length to rest on the floor exhausted.

On Duncan C. Ross' arrival in Bay City, Mich., he

was interviewed by a reporter, and we publish the substance:

"How can you box?" asked the journalist. "I can use my dukes to good advantage, but I never exhibit myself in that line to the public. However, I have a man with me whom I wish to match against any man in the world. I hear you have some pretty good material of which matches are made here in Milwaukee, and brought him along for luck."

"Who's your man?"

"O'Donnell, the Canadian. I want to get up a sparring match for him with either Paddy Ryan, Capt. Dalton or John Donaldson for \$500 a side."

"How long will you hold this offer open?"

"Four weeks. O'Donnell went to Sullivan's house in Boston and offered to box him, but the champion had no desire to do so. He is a big one, I can tell, and weighs 235 lbs in condition. He is 5 ft 11 in high and 48 in around the chest."

"What battles has he ever won?"

"He has never been in a ring, but has had any number of rough-and-tumble fights. He has the look of a fighter. He is a wrestler too, and took second place in the Boston tournament."

"What do you think of Mace's protegee, Slade?"

"He's a big, strong fellow, but has an innocent look. I don't think he'll have much show with Sullivan; he hasn't the look of a fighter. He has the appearance of a good natured schoolboy. I suppose neither Donaldson nor Dalton will take a clatter with O'Donnell."

"Paddy Ryan might take you up."

"Yes, he ought to. He's a good man."

"Did you see his set-to with Sullivan near New Orleans?"

"Yes. I haven't been able to make much out of that match. The boys say that Paddy sold out; but I don't know."

"He became frightened when he saw the Boston Boy stripped for the fight in the ring?"

"Yes. I think he did. Sullivan doesn't look very large until he gets his toggery off. Then he's a powerful looking fellow."

*The Metropolis, stripped for its orgies, will be served up red hot in our next number.*

## BLACKMAILERS IN CENTRAL PARK.

About 10 o'clock, on the night of Aug. 1, sounds of a struggle and cries for help came from the extreme end of what is known as "Lovers' Walk," Central Park, which runs from the gate at Fifty-ninth street and Sixth avenue to and around a portion of the large lake. Two Park policemen answered the cries, and in a sheltered nook, darkened by the drooping branches of several large trees, they found two men struggling, while a third was rapidly disappearing down the walk.

The figure of a woman was dimly seen near a clump of shrubbery near by. The three were taken to the arsenal, when one of the men told Sergt. Mulholland that he was F. W. Salmonson, a lawyer connected with the office of the Corporation Counsel. He said that on last Sunday night a friend of his named James White had been solicited by a woman near the Park. Both of them entered the Park, and when a secluded place had been reached two men appeared. One of these said he was the husband of the woman, and angrily asked Mr. White what he meant by taking his wife in the Park. The other man proclaimed himself a detective, and threatened White with arrest. The latter hushed the matter by paying the man a sum of money.

Mr. Salmonson said that when he heard of his friend's adventure he felt assured that he had been the victim of a blackmailing scheme. He determined, therefore, to bring the men and woman to justice if possible, and with this end in view he started on a tour around Central Park last night. The woman strolled past him, looked at him over her shoulder several times, and seemed about to stop when he spoke to her. They entered the Park, and had just taken a seat in a lonely spot when two men appeared, one saying that he was the woman's husband, the other that he was a detective. Mr. Salmonson drew a revolver and seized the former, whom he held until his cries for help brought the officers to his assistance. The amateur detective escaped.

## SHE WANTS HER ARCHIE.

They have a sensation in Scranton, Pa., in which well known parties in certain circles in this city figure. Archie Steller, the son of Samuel Steller, a prominent coal operator, was brought before Alderman Post, on Aug. 2, on complaint of Emma Girard, alias Hulbert, who prosecuted him for support, she having been married to him in New York on the 27th of April last by Rev. Robert Collyer. Young Steller has not yet reached his nineteenth year, and the position of his family here has attached much excitement to his reported marriage, which by many was thought to have been a blackmailing scheme at first. The young woman, who is about 27, has an intelligent face, but is not considered by any means beautiful. Her complexion is dark, inclined to olive, nose aquiline, chin receding and short upper lip. Her parents live in Lowell, Mass., but she has been drifting about for some time, and is said to have played the adventures in New York city, where she met Steller and married him after an acquaintanceship of less than two weeks. Young Steller is urged to seek divorce by his wealthy parents, but the woman demurs greatly against this, saying she cannot live without Archie; that her love is returned, but fears she will have to give him up. Young Steller was held in \$500 bail to appear at court.

## TO CONEY ISLAND, CHEAP.

[Subject of Illustration.]

There are several ways of making an inexpensive trip to Coney Island. One we illustrate on page 18. It is very popular among the gay girls of the metropolis. All the expense it involves is the purchase of an excursion ticket. That done the fair travellers trust to luck. It is a very cold day when luck don't come their way. When it does they work it for all it is worth. Go it, girls! What were fools made for, if not for wiser people to use.

## HE WANTED SALTING.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A couple of Long Branch girls sailed out of the surf last week, collared a dude who had been annoying them with his impertinent glances, and hauling him into the water treated him to a sousing. The episode was hailed by all observers with deafening cheers. The dude has not been seen on the beach since, and it is rumored the pickling has been sufficiently strong to keep him over till winter.



## OUR NATIONAL GAME.

A Glance Over the Diamond Fields  
of the Continent.

**SALISBURY** has been scooped in by the wary Bancroft. **BURDOCK** is now batting and fielding in most brilliant style. **THE** man that beats Gore at base running has got to be a dandy. **GALVIN** has taken a drop on fanning the air, and has now found the ball.

**LATHAM** is called the "Jule" baseball player of the American Association.

**JOHNNY WARD** uses more judgment in his ball playing than any man who plays the game.

**THE** Philadelphia club pays Warner \$300 per month, but we fail to see how they get their money back.

**SULLIVAN**, of the Louisville club, has a game leg, which knocks him out for the balance of the season.

**JOHN O'ROURKE** is getting to be a great base runner, and he always catches the crowd on his belly-whopper slides.

**WHEN** Swartwood hits a ball it doesn't take the sphere long to find out that there was muscle at the other end of the bat.

**BROTHERS**, of the Buffalos, has made one hundred base hits this season. This is the man who wanted to play in New York, but Murrie thought him only a chance hitter.

It is simply astonishing the way the Buffalos have picked up in their batting, and the manner in which they make an opposing club hunt shoelather is comforting to a weary heart.

**THE** Cleveland people are beginning to think that their club need all the games that they can win. We are of the opinion that they are not the only club who need all the games they can win.

**PAPA CHADWICK** says that the Alleghenys are such terrible drinkers that they have to keep a "bar" with them all the time, and even on the ball field while they are playing a championship game.

**MURRIE** has been all broken up since he found out his sorrow that he did not have the soft snap on the New York reporters that he always supposed he had. But there is such a thing as riding a free horse to death.

**THE** St. Louis club are still playing a big game, but we are of the opinion they will drop about three when they strike New York, as the Mets are now playing like Trojans, and have dealt roots in for St. Louis.

**STORKEY**, of the Athletics, the last man to undergo the hardship of a presentation on the baseball field, caught a gold badge Aug. 4, with a blank place left for him to stick on whatever he pleases at the close of the season.

**VOLTZ** has packed his trunk and gone West to launch forth as a Northwestern League umpire. We will give him about three weeks until he will be ready to throw up his hands, and shake the baseball dust from off his sandals.

**MANAGER BUTLER**, of the Alleghenys, has not got the spunk of a louse, as was shown at the polo ground Aug. 4, when he had not the moral courage to demand the game to be given his club by a score of 9 to 0, which his club was entitled to.

**THE** Buffalo papers think it a great thing because Davy Force made a two base hit on a ball he struck, only two inches above the ground. This might seem alarming if we had never seen Davy Force, but while such a ball is very low for John Reilly, it is shoulder high for Davy.

**NOTHING** goes so far to show what infernal fools get charge of baseball as the despatch sent Manager McIlugh, of the Quicksteps, of Wilmington, Delaware, by the stockholders of his club to "blacklist any man who did not play his best." If all the clubs acted upon this principle there would be no ball players at the close of a month.

**OF** all men on the face of the globe a coward is the most detestable. After Empire Walsh demanded Murrie to eject a disturber from the ground he slunk like a cur when he saw that there was danger of a big fight taking place. Walsh had the power of giving the game to the Alleghenys by a score of 9 to 0, but did not do it out of mere cowardice.

**MR. W. S. Appleton**, President of the Metropolitan club, says "there has not been as much as a thought given by the management looking toward the disbandment of the club," and we are of the opinion there has not been as much as a thought given to keeping order on the polo grounds, or protecting the umpire and visiting club, all their thoughts having been taken up in making money for themselves.

**FOR** a time it was hoped that Frank Larkin, who is widely known in baseball circles, would turn over a new leaf and lead a different life, and to that end the baseball players who visited New York, and those connected with the Metropolitan and New York clubs, donated a very neat amount to him in order that he might get on his feet. Instead, however, of trying to get better he took to drinking and carousing on the money the boys gave him. He was arrested time and time again, and finally ended up by taking a six months' vacation for beating his wife.

**ARUNDEL**, the Johnny Fresh of the Northwestern League, who is always on the warpath for scrap, is now in a fair way to become a stone mason. He got drunk a short time since, while the Saginaws were in Toledo, and went out to look for a better man than himself. He raised a good deal of disturbance in his rambles, and the only man he found who was able to handle him was a police officer. The officer gave him comfortable quarters for the night, and the next morning the Saginaw club refused to ante up, and Mr. Johnny Fresh had to go to breaking stone for twelve days. He has been blacklisted by the Northwestern League, which knocks him out of ball playing; therefore, when he comes out of cooler he will have to launch forth as a John L. Sullivan if he wants to make any money.

**THE** papers making a specialty of the games played by the Interstate Association don't want the earth; they only want Secretary Richter, of the Association, to get them up the batting and fielding averages of the players of that association, and are therefore making a general howl through their papers to have him pay more attention to his official duties. They seem to think because Secretary Williams gets up these monthly averages of players of the American Association that Richter is in duty bound to get it up for the interstate and give it to them for publication. Little do these unsophisticated baseball scribes know, however, that getting up these monthly averages is not part of Mr. Williams' official duties, but is only a little outside speculation, and that Mr. Williams is paid handsomely by every journal that uses his averages.

**WILL** this presentation business ever cease. The people seem to have it on the brain so badly that the baseball patrons are annoyed to death by constantly having games stopped in order that some baseball lion might make himself conspicuous by presenting cheap jewelry to a favorite ball player. During the progress of the game between the Baltimore and Athletics, in Philadelphia, Aug. 3, the game had to be stopped for an hour and a half while some rattle-brained idiot made a presentation speech to Henderson, and gave him a gold badge. It was one of the finest speeches ever made on a ball field, and was greatly enjoyed by the spectators, as it put them all asleep before it was half over. Umpire Kelly was paralyzed, and rolled over on the grass in a dead faint, and Henderson was obliged to keep tickling himself in the ribs to keep awake until the speech was over. The medal is worth a dollar in hook, and it didn't take Henderson long to find it out.

**CAYLOR**, of the Cincinnati Commercial has a great habit of intimating grave threats, without following them up with an explanation, which makes it exceedingly unpleasant for the men playing ball in Cincinnati. In a recent number of the Commercial Mr. Caylor says: "A certain club in one of the professional associations has intimated that money is no object if they can win the championship. Again, proofs positive are said to exist that the aforementioned club has tampered with a certain important player in a rival club, offering indirectly a large sum of money for help in this direction. A strict watch is being kept upon this player, and the first funny word discovered to be done by him will be brought to bear toward his expulsion and the expulsion of the club in question. This is not a bombast. But further deponent says not. *Verily, say.*" The St. Louis people have taken exception to these remarks, and the *Globe-Democrat* says: "This insinuation

points indirectly to St. Louis, and its object is to create a local sentiment against the St. Louis club." They call upon President Von der Ahe to perform his duty in the premises, and to insist upon a full investigation that will bring out all the facts. They also say that Fulmer owes it to the public that Caylor be compelled to state distinctly who the party is that is being watched. They further add that all the ball players understand that Fulmer bears the same relation to Caylor that a red rag does to an infuriated bull. With the public, however, it is different. The animus of the Commercial Gazette's criticisms and innuendoes are not generally understood, and as every child that reads that journal's baseball reports will have no hesitation in selecting Fulmer as the alleged suspected player, he ought to have no hesitation in forcing Caylor to a clear and unequivocal statement of who it is that is under a cloud, and why he is in that position.

**TOM MANSELL**, the big suborn-haired leftfielder of the St. Louis club, met with quite an accident early Sunday morning that will seriously interfere with his capabilities as a ball player for some days to come. "Brick," in company with one or two other members of the club, took into consideration the fact that Sunday was an off day, and concluded to make a Saturday night of it. The party fell in with several residents of the city who were inclined to be convivial, and by the time they had visited several dozen Over the Rhine saloons and tossed off sundry and numerous bowls of Cincinnati's "amber," they were loaded to the gunwales. They finally pulled up at the Grand Hotel, about half-past ten in the morning. Mansell made a "grapevine cut" across the office floor of the hotel for the elevator. He opened the door, and instead of striking the floor of the elevator never stopped until he came in contact with the bottom of the cellar. The elevator was on an up trip, and the door had been left unfastened, as is usual at that time in the morning. The elevator was lowered, and Tom, who was seated apparently comfortable on the floor, was accosted by one of his companions with "Are you hurt, Tom?"

"No. What se masser?"

"Why, you fell down in the cellar."

"Oh, h-l, that nothing; that se way I always come down stairs."

Notwithstanding his protestation to the contrary Mansell had suffered considerable. Beside several bruises, he sustained a cut on his knee that will probably prevent him from participating in any more of the Cincinnati games. He may, however, by an effort, be able to resume his position to-day.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

**BURNHAM** had a little watch. Its face was white as snow; And everywhere that Burnham went The watch was sure to go.

It followed him to Cleveland once; It was against the rules; It made the Providence team mad, And they kicked like mules.

"What makes Cleveland love Burnham so?" Bold Harry Wright's men cry. "Oh Burnham umpires square, you know?" The Herald did reply.

"For ruffianly Chicago acts We want to make amends; So, noble umpire, wear this watch— The gift of Cleveland friends."

But when the League turned Burnham out, It made the people roar To find that Burnham bought the watch At a second-hand store.

The moral is so obvious That here the story ends Of Burnham and his little watch— "The gift of Cleveland friends."—*Chicago Tribune*.

**THE** Cincinnati has turned over a new leaf, have published the obituary of the old club, and are going to win the championship with the same line shaken up. The obituaries run as follows: Snyder was born in Washington, D. C. in 1754. He is a hummer and used to catch cannon balls during the revolutionary war. He is undoubtedly the best catcher in the country—we can't improve upon him, so we are going to keep him, that is—he can stay here as long as he desires, and he would prove a strong acquisition to any other nine." This gives him a boost and a kick at the same time. Phil Powers, who was born in New York, in 1853, and brought up on the bottle in Manhattanville, and never made a half-way decent record in any club he ever played with, is one of the change catchers. He doesn't drink beer, and we expect him to win the championship for us. Will Traffey is a little pony dandy, and although he has been playing ball for 25 years, is still a little hummer. He catches white spectacles and there isn't a man in the country can run to second while he has the goggles in his hands. Will White was born at Corning, New York, many, many years ago. Soon after he made his debut as a ball player his brother, Deacon White, then a very old man, induced him to go to Boston, where he batted forth as a pitcher in twirling tea into the Boston harbor. He just had enough not to lose sight of it, and is now in the tea business in Cincinnati. Harry McCormick, who played for twenty-eight years with the Stars, of Syracuse, and afterward with the Worcester and Cincinnati, is our pitcher, and you can bet he is a snorter. Ren Deagle, who is a youth in ball playing, was born in New York fifteen years ago, and has been in Cincinnati ever since. Learned to play ball in this city, and got a reputation by pitching three games in the South last winter. John Reilly, who is the only ball player in the profession who can step from one base to the other without touching the intervening ground, and whose head it is impossible to throw a ball over, is invaluable to the club, and if we had nine Long John Reillys we could sweep the country. John McPhee was born on the ball field at Messina, New York, and, of course, took to the game naturally. He had a good job sawing wood in Akron, Ohio, but gave it up to play ball in Cincinnati. W. R. Carpenter, by name and trade, who is called "Old Hickory," on account of his being so tough, was born in Bradford, Mass., a long time ago, covers the third bag, and averages right through the season one ball out of ten. Charles Fulmer, who made his debut with the Athletics, of Philadelphia, 69 years ago, and has had a whack in nearly every club in the country, is a constable of the first water in Philadelphia, and expects to be the youngest player in the club. He was born in Covington, Ky. in 1879. He doesn't stand up to the bat as well as he did last year, but he is the best outfielder and finest base runner in the world. Charles Ripley was born in North Carolina before the war, and when it got kind of warm in those regions he skipped off to the West and changed his name to Jones. He roamed around through Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky and Ohio, until Harry Wright's hawk eye lighted on him in Cincinnati, and he was carried by this bird of prey to Boston. They considered him a great treasure, and Harry tried to increase the Boston treasury by holding back Charles's salary, and when the way Wright found that Jones wouldn't put up with that kind of work, he shut him out of ball playing for three years to show him that ball managers were kings. John S. Corkhill, who was a Philadelphia copper, when gobbled by Barnie two years ago, for Reach's club, was born at Parkersburg, Penn., and judging from the cut of his jaw is about 30 years of age. He is a dandy right-fielder, and he belongs to us, because we paid Barnie of the Baltimore, \$400 for him last winter. J. F. Macmillan was born in Boston. He is a hard worker and used to break stones before he began playing ball. He is a sure catch, and whenever the boys want a mash they take him with them. He doesn't play much in the games, he being general utility man, that is, he carries the bats, mixes the oat meal in the water, and always sees that there is a lump of ice in the pail, and then shines the boys, shoes just before the game is over. With this fine send-off it is thought the club will rally and win the championship of the American Association.

## SPORTING NOTES.

**WM. P. BALCH** has leased the Beacon Park track at Boston, and during Sept. 25, 26, 27 and 28 he will offer \$15,000 in purses for trotting races.

**HANLAN** has advised the Geneva Rowing Association that he will not row at their regatta unless guaranteed \$400 in addition to first prize. The regatta is therefore decided off.

**BEFORE** the trotting season is over both Duquesne and Phalla will startle the sporting world by wonderful trotting records. It is even now whispered that both can trot in 2:10½.

**DANIEL C. REED**, of Kalamazoo, has matched Panny Goldust against the pacer, Black Basinger, for \$3,000 a side. The race will take place at Chicago, Sept. 1.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

## NEW YORK BY MIDNIGHT!

Metropolitan Vice Unmasked and Illustrated in all its Enormity, in

## THE DIVES OF NEW YORK!

Now Publishing in FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS, out every Saturday.

Price 5 Cents.

D. J. T., City Island—2:17½.

R. H. E., Nanticoke, Pa.—No.

N. C., Shenandoah, Pa.—Yes.

H. M. S., Fostoria, Ohio.—Yes.

H. J. H., Maysville, Mich.—No.

M. R. K., Romeo, Mich.—You win.

C. P., Pittsburgh.—We have no record.

H. & C., St. Paul, Minn.—Joe Coburn.

H. H. W., Aurora county, Dak.—Thanks.

L. S. M., New Bedford, Mass.—Not at present.

L. C., Amsterdam, N. Y.—Jumbo is the largest.

P. J. C., Seacoast, R. I.—Not that we know of.

J. McN., Providence, R. I.—Either Ward or Ewing.

J. C. H., Mahanoy City, Pa.—We never published the portrait.

W. P., Braceville, Ill.—We cannot offer any trophy at present.

G. B., Philadelphia.—Maurice Vignaux claims to hold that title.

W. A. M., Pittston, Me.—Steve Taylor's right name is John Mahan.

J. H., New York.—Write to Wm. Taylor, Erie R.R. Depot, Jersey City.

S. S. S., Quincy, Ill.—We can supply you with a book. Price by mail, 50c.

H. B. B., Sac City, Iowa.—We cannot offer any inducement for such a tournament.

H. B. R., Madison Co., Texas.—Send \$3 and we will send you the book you require.

C. H., Beach House, Sea Girt, N. J.—Write to the Collector of the Port of New York.

Strong Cutter, Detroit, Mich.—Frenchy Johnson never rowed Hanlan a match race.

P. P. D., Perryville, N. Y.—Hanlan is a Canadian and Court a native of the United States.

F. J. R., South Bend, Ind.—You will have to wait until the Bostonians play to win your wager.

M. H., Fort Randall, D. T.—A letter sent to Timothy Hussey, care of this office, will reach him.

Perth Amboy, N. J.—No. 2. Consult a first class physician or go to the Hot Springs, Arkansas.

Matt, Warren, Mass.—The books are valued at 75 cents each. Send \$5 and we will mail you a set.

J. McD., Boston, Mass.—John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan fought nine rounds, occupying 11m.

D. C. R. Jones, Massillon, Ohio.—James Elliott was born Sept. 22, 1844, at County Athlone, Ireland.

CONSTANT READER, Louisville, Ky.—Send \$5 and we will furnish you with books that will teach you.

J. M. H., Hornellsville, N. Y.—Wm. Perkins' record for one mile heel and toe walking in 6m 23s is the best.

J. N. A., Osage City, Kansas.—The best on record for walking is 6m 23s, made by Wm. Perkins, in England.

N. C. H., Scottsburg, Ky.—We would advise you to write to James Keenan, 95 Portland street, Boston, Mass.

H. R., Syracuse, N. Y.—The Providence club won the baseball championship in 1879; Chicago, 1880, '81 and '82.

L. H., Waterbury, Conn.—There is no record for that distance.

2. Ryan and Sullivan fought nine rounds in 11m.

J. M. A., Hornellsville, N. Y.—Wm. Perkins has the fastest record in the world for a mile heel-and-toe, viz.: 6m 23s.

J. J. C., Philadelphia, Pa.—We will be glad to show you through the POLICE GAZETTE Publishing House at any time.

E. L. T. G., New Orleans, La.—Hanlan never lost a match race. He was beaten by Wallace Ross in a regatta at Providence, R. I.

N. Nickerson, Kansas.—In playing cushion caroms it is only necessary for the ball to strike one cushion before scoring a count.

CONSTANT READER, Jermyn, Pa.—Harry Lewis, of Hazleton, has defeated Cannon once and been beaten by Cannon twice this season.

N. B. S. D. Gibson, the captain of the Leader B. C. C. of Kingston, N. Y., wants the address of Daly, the one-arm baseball pitcher.

C. W. K., Laurel, Del.—Jerry Dunn and Henry Dunn are no relations. Jerry Dunn is a sporting man, while Henry Dunn is a wrestler.

J. N., Gilbertville, Mass.—Billy Edwards was born Dec. 21, 1844. 2. He stands 5 ft 4½ in in height and weighs 124 lbs. in condition.

V. E. S., Erie, Pa.—Hanlan's time at Point of Pines was 19m 4s. Kennedy's, 19m 52s. The course was short and the time does not go on record.

ATHLETES, Wilkesbarre, Pa.—1. Send \$1 and we will send you the books and rules. 2. Duncan C. Ross is the champion all-round athlete of America.

"BELFAST," Urbana, Ohio.—Write to Iveson, Phinney, Blake-man & Co., Broadway, New York city, or L. D. Appleton & Co., Broadway, New York city.

W. E. H., Jefferson, La.—The fastest time for 100 yards running is 9½ seconds, made by George Seward on the turnpike road at Hammersmith, England, Sept. 30, 1844.

H. M. S., Portland, Oregon.—Hanlan did beat Wallace Ross before he defeated Plaislet. He rowed Ross Oct. 15, 1877, and he rowed his match with Plaislet the year following.

J. H. C., Franklin Hotel, San Francisco.—A flush will beat three of any kind. 2. There is no such thing known in poker as a three flush. 3. Your P. S. questions must be wrong.

H. W. R., Warren, Ala.—A. H. Bogardus broke 5,500 glass balls out of 5,854, in 1h 19m 2s, in New York, Dec. 20, 1879. It is the best performance. 2. He broke 1,000 in 1h 1m 57s.

CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER, St. Louis, Mo.—1. Bob Travers, the colored pugilist, was born in England, June 21, 1832. 2. He stood 5 ft 5½ in in height, and weighed, in condition, 168 lbs.

G. R. J., Baltimore, Md.—1. Capt. A. H. Bogardus and Dr. P. W. Carver have both accomplished such feats. 2. Bogardus broke 300 glass balls in succession at Lincoln, Ill., on July 4, 1877.

M. W., Sharpsburg.—1. It was on Aug. 21, 1860, Dan Kerrigan and James (Australian) Kelly fought for \$2,000, at Island Port, Vermont. 2. Kerrigan's seconds were Johnny Moughan and Jimmy White.

R. H. B., Covington, Ky.—Seconds are not allowed in the ring after time is called in either a prize or glove fight, according to rule, unless there is a mutual understanding that they shall remain within the ropes.

CONSTANT READER, Newton, Ill.—1. Heenan and Sayers fought April 17, 1860, at Farnborough, Eng. 2. Send for the "Champions of the English and American Prize Ring," published by Richard K. Fox. Price, by mail, 35c.

H. W., Bridgeport, Conn.—1. John Woods, the POLICE GAZETTE photographer, 208 Bowery, New York, can supply you with all the sporting pictures, either at retail or wholesale prices. 2. He has the pictures of all the athletes and sporting men.

F. B. D., Greenwood County, Kan.—Send an \$8 P. O. money order to Beneke Bros., pedestrian shoemakers, cor. Canal and Mulberry streets, New York, and they will supply you with running shoes. We can furnish book on receipt of 75 cents.

A CONSTANT READER.—1. Send 30 cents for the "Life of John Morrissey." It contains all the particulars. We have not the space to give you all the facts. 2. When Morrissey and Poole fought neither fell off the dock into the river. 3. Poole won.

D. S., Troy, N. Y.—1. Steve O'Donnell, the pugilist, stood 5 ft 6 in in height, weighed 128 lbs. 2. When Harry Finnegan fought Mike Leavett, at Eppling, N. H., May 10, 1860, he was seconded by Ed. Price, now a prominent lawyer in this city, and W. G. Taylor.

J. R. C., Camden, N. J.—1. Ned O'Baldwin, the Irish giant, was born in Linsmore, Ireland, in 1840. 2. He stood 6 ft 5½ in in height and weighed 215 lbs. 3. O'Baldwin was killed by his partner, Michael Finnell, in his saloon on West street, New York, Sept. 27, 1875.

B. M., Des Moines.—As we did not live at the time of the Flood, and do not know any antediluvians, it is impossible for us to give you the "corrected" measurement of Noah's ark, but according

to Bishop Watkins and Sir Isaac Newton it was 655 feet in length.

M. S. G., Boston, Mass.—1. Hial H. Stoddard was born in Oswego county, N. Y.; he is 28 years of age, stands 5 ft 11½ in in height, and weighs 195 lbs. 2. He issued a challenge Aug. 6, 1883, to box four three-minute rounds with Sullivan. He is the POLICE GAZETTE's Unknown.

M. S., Columbus, O.—1. No. 2. John McMahon. 3. In the female six-day pedestrian tournament at San Francisco, on May 11, 1880, Amy Howard, of New York, won, covering 409 miles; Madame Tobias, second, with 400 miles, and Mlle. La. Chapelle only covered 244 miles.

J. A. M., Jacksonville, Fla.—1. Yes. 2. The POLICE GAZETTE rules of boxing are the same as the Marquis of Queensberry's. 3. Send on \$1 and we will furnish you with rules and back numbers.

4. No. 5. Duncan C. Ross holds the POLICE GAZETTE champion trophy for mixed wrestling.

W. F. L., Kansas, Utah.—1. There is no runner in this country that can run 100 yards in 9½ seconds from the mark by report of pistol. 2. If your man ran the distance in 8 seconds, as you claim, the timer stopped or the man that held the watch went to sleep. Such a feat is next to impossible.

S. W., New Orleans, La.—1. The money Hanlan gave Wallace Ross after he defeated him at Ogdensburg, N. Y., was a third of the purse subscribed by the hotels and sporting men of Prescott and Ogdensburg. 2. The amount of the purse was \$600. 3. Hanlan was not compelled to give Ross anything.

J. H. L., Norfolk, Va.—Maud S. has made the best record, trotting 2:10½ against time, in harness, accompanied by running mate, at Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 11, 1881. 2. The fastest running time for one mile was made by Ten Broeck with 110 pounds up against time, at Louisville, Ky., May 24, 1877—1:39½.

E. M. P. & C. T. L., Milan, Wis.—1. Send 30 cents and we will forward you the "History of the American Prize Ring," which contains a history of Paddy Ryan. 2. The POLICE GAZETTE was first published 50 years ago. 3. We can supply you with bound volumes of 1880, '81 and '82. 4. Yes. 5. On Mondays.

R. W., Indianapolis, Ind.—1. Hanlan announced that fact. 2. No.—3. Peter Croker was born in London, England, was a brick-layer by trade, stood 5 ft 4 in in height, weighed 136 lbs. 4. He defeated Martin "Fiddler" Neary, at the Sunnyside Hotel, Long Island, Oct. 26, 1871. The fight lasted through 73 rounds, lasting 1h 28m.

P. W., Columbus, Ohio.—1. McKay and Byrne fought at Seelye Forest, Northamptonshire, England, on June 2, 1830. Forty-seven rounds were fought in 53m, when McKay was killed in the ring. 2. Yes. Byrne afterward died from the punishment he received when he fought James (Dead) Burke, May 30, 1833, three years and one month after he had killed McKay.

PUGILIST, Williamsburg, Col.—The conditions under which the champion belt of England was held, was "that the holder must fight all comers within six months from the time of winning each battle or forfeit his claim thereto." He was not, however, to fight for less than £200 a side unless at his own option, and the belt became the property of the pugilist who retained it for three years.

M. W., Baltimore, Md.—1. Harry, or "Badger" Crutchley was born at Mount street, Birmingham, England, Aug. 1835. 2. He fought Joe Goss on the banks of the Thames, near Oxfordshire, Eng., July 17, 1860, for £200. Goss won in 120 rounds, lasting 3h 20m. 3. Crutchley won first knock-down in the second round. 4. Goss weighed 139 lbs, Crutchley 138½ lbs, when they weighed the night before the battle.

R. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.—Lola Montes was born in the city of Limerick, Ireland, in 1818, of English-Spanish parents. A wealthy nabob sought her hand in marriage when she was a mere child, but she was averse to the union and ran away with a Capt. James. He finally deserted her and she returned to Ireland to her mother, and then selected the stage to gain a livelihood, she died in New York in January, 1881, and was buried in Greenwood Cemetery.

S. Q., Decatur, Ill.—1. Tom Allen and Charley Gallagher fought their first battle at Carroll Island, near St. Louis, and the fight was won by Gallagher, who knocked Allen out in two rounds, lasting 3m. 2. Allen and Gallagher fought again August 17, 1869, on Foster Island, St. Louis. Allen whipped Gallagher in 11 rounds, lasting 25m, when the crowd interfered and Larry Wessel, the referee, declared Gallagher the winner, and Allen was robbed out of the stakes.

S. M. M., Milwaukee, Wis.—Ethan Allen, bay stallion, foaled 1849, got by Vermont Black-Hawk, son of Sherman Morgan, he by Justin Morgan, dam a small gray mare, famous as a roadster, and producer of several trotters, pedigree unknown. This horse was bred by J. W. Holcomb, Ticonderoga, N. Y., and died Sept. 1





POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

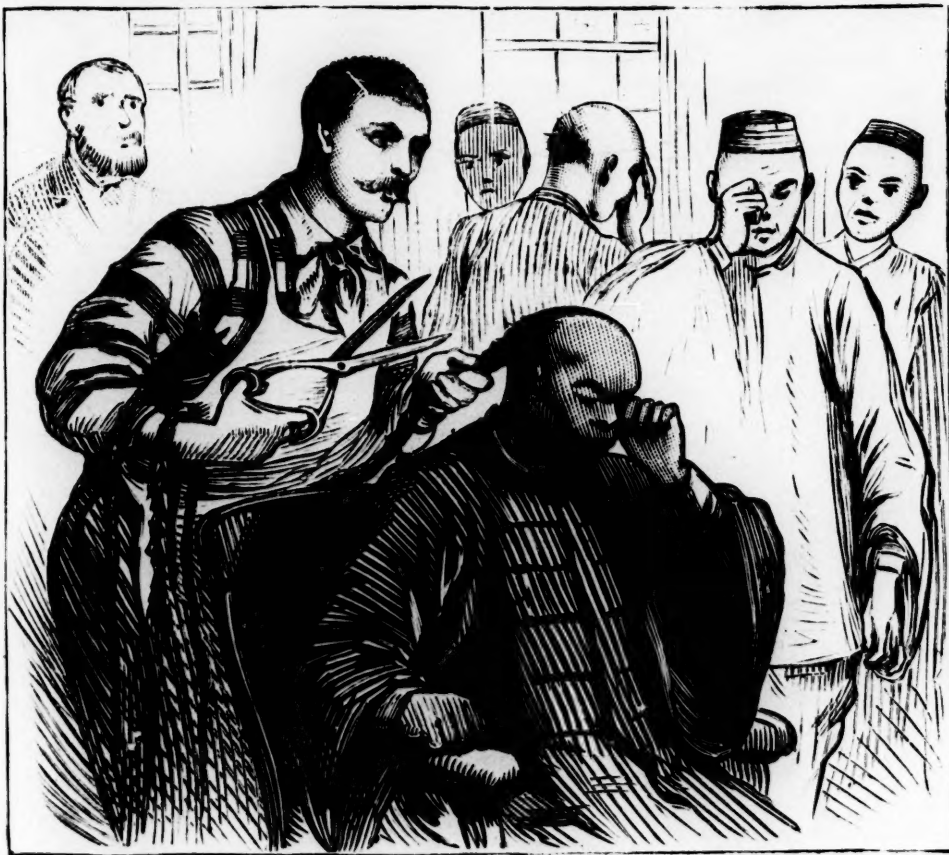
EVA BYRON.

[Photo by Mora.]

## Shorn of their Queues.

The five Chinamen who were convicted at Paterson, N. J., for a brutal assault upon Lung Poy, a fellow countryman, were conveyed to the State Prison at Trenton on August 7, where they will have to serve an imprisonment of one year. The prisoners are named Moy Sam Kee, Moy Tung Len, Moy Dock, Moy Jung Lee and Moy Quing. They attacked their victim on May 27, and stabbed him about sixty times. The cause of the attack was the fact that Lung

Poy had reduced the price of washing and ironing. The five assailants were arrested shortly afterward, and after trial were sentenced each to the payment of a fine of \$500 and costs, the Court reserving the right in each case to change the sentence to confinement in State Prison in case the fines were not paid within thirty days. At the expiration of the thirty days given to the Chinamen to pay their fines in they were again brought into court, and not coming to time with the money were sentenced as above. They met their sentence with Asiatic stolidism until they were informed that according to



A TALE OF WOE.

HOW JERSEY JUSTICE DOUBLY PUNISHED FIVE CHINESE PRISONERS BY DEPRIVING THEM OF THEIR BELOVED QUEUES.

prison regulation their hair must be cropped. This was a severe blow to the Celestial. The thought of parting with their beloved queues brought moisture to their almond eyes. The prison barber had scarcely unbound the first victim's sable tresses when he uttered a low cry of astonishment.

The queue was perhaps a yard long, but the hair extended only about a third of the distance. Most of the decoration for which they had pleaded so earnestly was made of black silk, cunningly braided into the hair. After the hair of the five Chinamen had been cut off so close that only a black stubble remained upon the

hulabaloo over the affair, but their ardor somewhat abated when certain former friends of McDermott began to talk and openly charged him with being a spy in the pay of England, and with having, among other things, betrayed Dr. Gallaher and his associates. At the present moment different members of the I. R. B. and the Clan-na-Gael are searching for McDermott with drawn revolvers.

A rumor is current to the effect that McDermott has not gone to England at all, but is hiding in New York city or Brooklyn. Some persons even claim to have met him in the latter city within the past week. Be this as it



EDWIN O. HUSS,

THE NONDESCRIPT CITIZEN WHO CLAIMS TO HAVE MARRIED LOTTA.



CHARLES A. DONOVAN,

THE EFFICIENT CHIEF OF POLICE OF HOBOKEN, N. J.

shining skulls, they exchanged their ordinary dress for the prison garb.

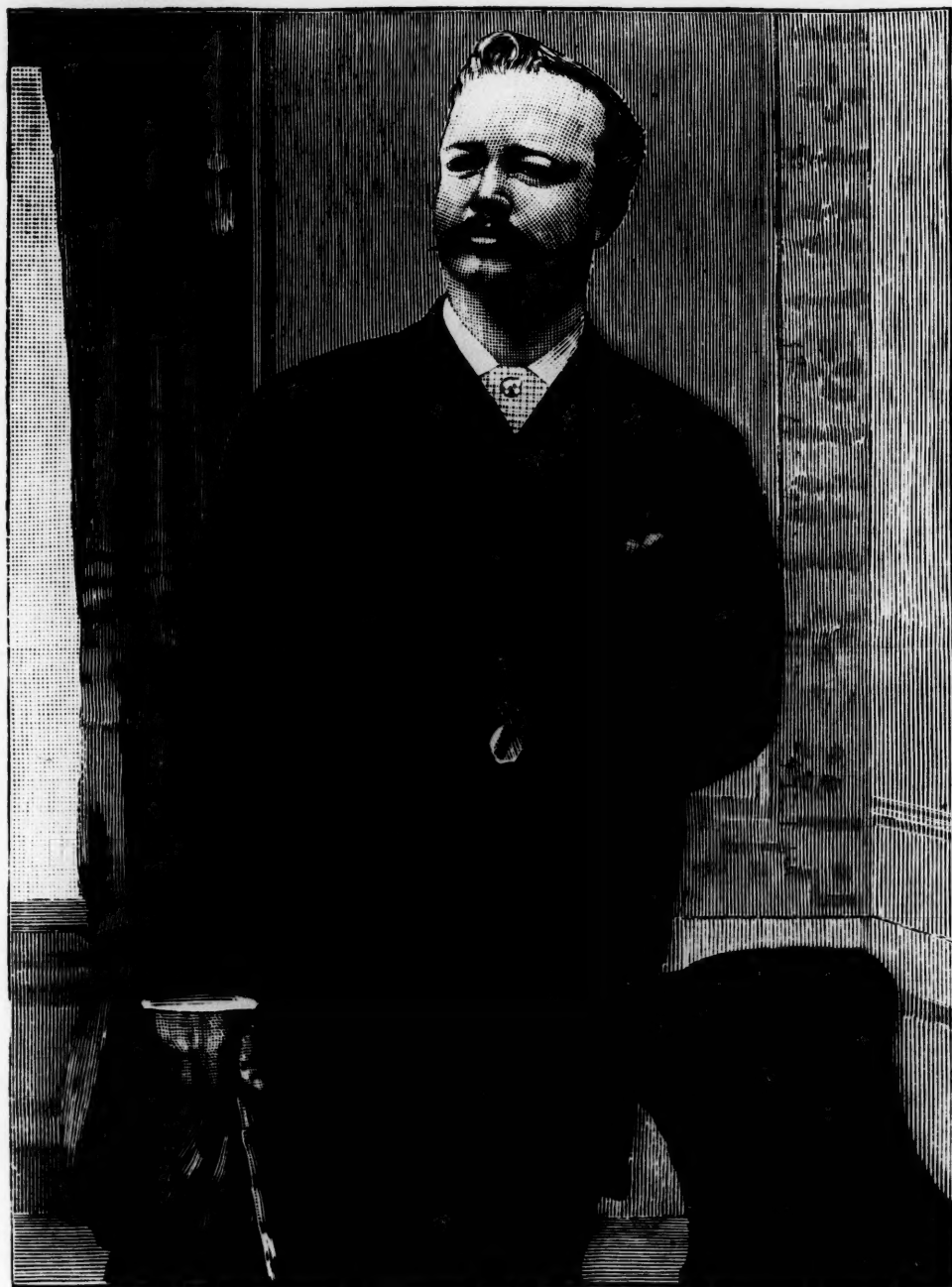
## An Alleged Informer.

James McDermott, a prominent Irish Nationalist and Brooklyn politician, whose career has been extraordinarily checkered, is at present enjoying no small degree of notoriety. At the commencement of the month the cable brought the news that he had been arrested by Scotland Yard detectives while setting foot in Great Britain. His affiliation with the Fenians and the I. R. B. was given as the reason for this measure on the part of the British Government. Immediately the American papers raised a big

may, the evidence of McDermott's treachery is very strong, and he may deem himself lucky if he escapes the avenging hand of some Irish-American O'Donnell.

## An Efficient Chief of Police.

Charles A. Donovan, Chief of the Police Force of Hoboken, N. J., bears the reputation of being one of the most efficient guardians of the law in the country. He has occupied his present position nine seventeen years, in which time he has distinguished himself by bringing many a dangerous malefactor to justice. The Chief was instrumental in capturing Nugent, Farrell and Emerson, who the other day attempted to rob a bank cashier in Hoboken.



JAMES McDERMOTT,

IRISH NATIONALIST, BROOKLYN POLITICIAN AND ALLEGED SPY IN THE PAY OF THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.

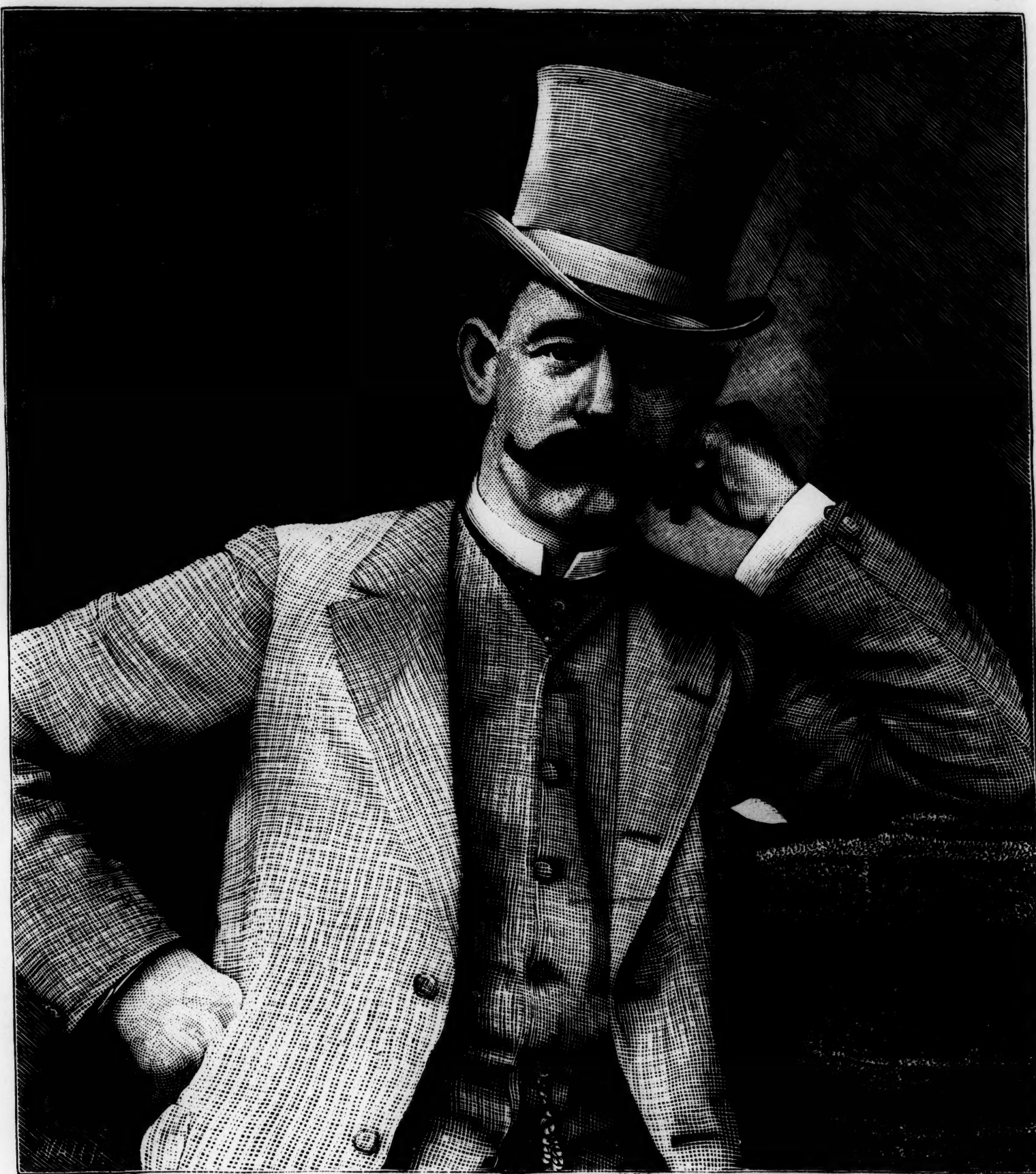


## RICHARD K. FOX AND HIS SPORTING REPRESENTATIVES.

We present this week three portraits with whose originals all American sporting men, and with one of whom most Americans, male and female, are by this time familiar, at least by name. They are the portraits of the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE and of the sporting representatives of this journal.

The name of Richard K. Fox is inseparably associated with American athletics, and justly so, for to him that line of American sport owes the healthy and prosperous life it enjoys to-day. It is but a few years since he found it languishing in a barren field, unpopular, only practiced in a desultory way, without substantial encouragement or efficient championship. He took it up and made its cause his own, and gave it the vitality it now has.

The POLICE GAZETTE stands to-day the recognized organ of American athletic sport. There is no corner of the wide field comprehended under that name to which this paper has not paid the attention it merited and extended the justice due it. Honest and impartial in all its dealings with the subject, it has become a potential authority in sporting matters. Men trust implicitly to its decisions, and they can do so confidently, for they are disinterested, fearless and just. The POLICE GAZETTE has no axes to grind but one. Its ambition is to benefit the sporting interests of the country. To that end it has devoted



RICHARD K. FOX,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR OF THE "POLICE GAZETTE," NEW YORK.

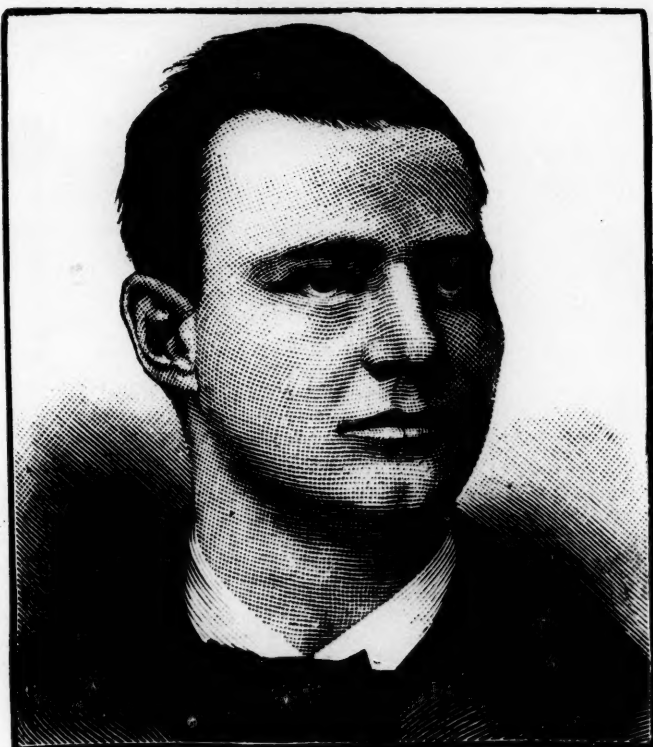
[From a Photograph by Napoleon Sarony.]

competition from the Canada border to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The steady expansion of the sporting interests of America has imposed a corresponding tax on the resources of the great paper which is the organ of those interests. The wide public confidence in the integrity of the POLICE GAZETTE has, in particular, claimed the service of its sporting representative sometimes to an embarrassing degree. In consequence of this the proprietor of this paper has added to his already extensive staff the gentleman whose picture is here presented for the first time.

Mr. William E. Harding will remain as heretofore, the sporting editor of this journal. An athlete of experience and a long and honorable record, Mr. Harding is the right man in the right place. His decisions in various of the most important sporting events of late years have proved him an authority of the first order and a referee whose honesty is as unflinching as it is fearless. His services to the cause of American sport in the past are the best guarantee of his performances in the future.

"Billy" O'Brien, as he is known to the entire sporting fraternity, is a gentleman whose career and record are known to the sporting world. Mr. O'Brien has been secured by Richard K. Fox as an additional sporting representative of the POLICE GAZETTE. [Cont'd on Page 7.]



"BILLY" O'BRIEN,

RICHARD K. FOX'S SPORTING REPRESENTATIVE.

[Photo by John Wood]

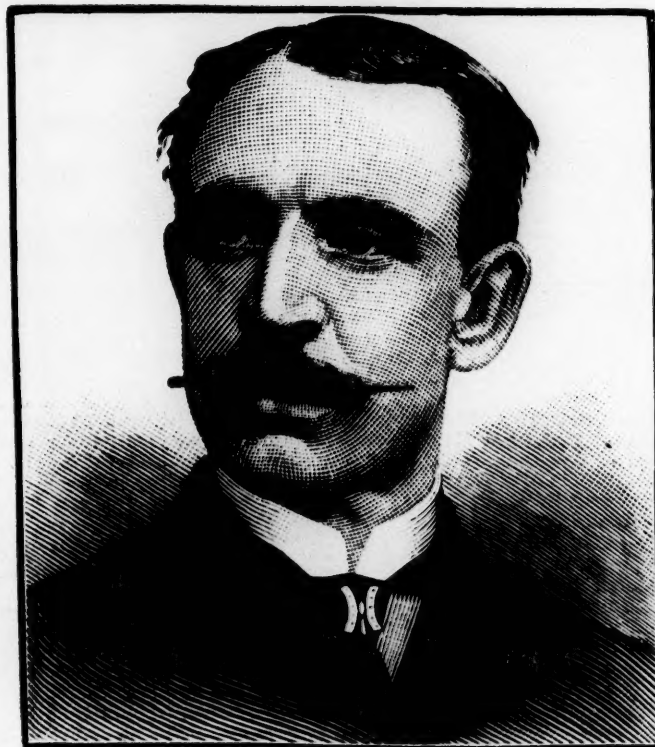
and will continue to devote its energies, its brains and its money.

We write of the POLICE GAZETTE in a personal sense simply because it is a person. The POLICE GAZETTE is Richard K. Fox. The title of the paper is only another name for the man who, from a wreck drifting on the sea of journalism, has lifted it to an immense commercial property and a tremendous power in the newspaper world. The man and his work are inseparable.

We have already reviewed in these columns the work done by this paper and its proprietor for the benefit of American sport. When the POLICE GAZETTE came to the front as the champion and advocate of athletics on the Western continent there was not a sporting newspaper of any influence in the field. There were a number of so-called sporting papers, it is true, but they lived off of sport—they did not encourage it. They were parasites on sport, bleeding it to death instead of nursing it to strength and healthy life.

With us it was very different. From the moment the POLICE GAZETTE assumed its position as the friend of American sport its proprietor did not restrict his interest to mere words. If a man or an event was worth encouraging they were encouraged, not alone with friendly advice, but with more substantial evidences of confidence and approval. It is safe to say that, in all the history of sporting journalism, no man ventured so much money, without hope of a direct return, in the cause of sport, as Richard K. Fox. He has reaped his reward in the revival of the cause he champions throughout the country. Now he is known wherever the influence of his work has reached as the man to whom American athletics owe their resurrection from the grave.

His name is associated with every event of importance, either actively as a projector and promoter, or as an interested friend and patron. It is to him men apply for aid and encouragement in their most important undertakings, and upon his word hangs the fortunes of thousands in the sporting field. He has given to the sporting world, at his own expense and his own responsibility, the chief events which for some years past have marked its history. His medals and trophies—costly emblems contributed to encourage still greater advances of the cause he has already advanced so far—are objects of constant



WILLIAM E. HARDING,

SPORTING EDITOR OF THE "POLICE GAZETTE."

[Photo by John Wood.]



## SPORTING NEWS.

## MAKING THE ROUNDS!

## THE DIVES OF NEW YORK!

A startling revelation of Gotham's Dark Side, now being made with pen and pencil in FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS. Out every Saturday. Price 5 cents.

DONALD DINNIE, the famous athlete, is in Portland, Oregon.

WESTMOUNT won the 220 paces race at Buffalo, and St. Julien the free-for-all on Aug. 6.

AL. SMITH, the noted sporting man, is finding \$500 for Slade in his coming match with Mitchell.

JOHN SPLAN predicts that Commodore Kittson's Pilgrim, if not strained, will be the trotter of 1881.

JOHN LARGAN and G. Buebar are to row over the Thames championship course Aug. 20, for \$1,000 a side.

HANLAN has notified the regatta committee at Montreal that he is willing to row Courtney on the terms proposed.

PATSY HOGAN is out with a challenge to match Jack Brady, a novice, to fight Harry Maynard with or without gloves, for \$500.

Z. E. SIMMONS has purchased Gus Glidden's half interest in the trotter Wilson for \$4,000, and is now sole owner of the first class horse.

THERE was a half-mile race between D. E. Sweet, Jr., and E. C. Harwood, on Aug. 8 at Wood's Athletic Grounds. It was a draw. Time, 2:30.

THE Kill von Kull Rowing Association will hold their annual regatta on Staten Island Sound, opposite Elizabethport, N. J., on Saturday, Sept. 1.

JIM RYAN, the pugilist, who some time ago boxed James Smith, at Houlzdale, Pa., challenges Smith to fight with bare knuckles for \$200 a side. Ryan stands 5 ft 9 in., and weighs 160 lbs trained.

HENRY ORRIDGE called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Aug. 10, and desired to return thanks to Arthur Chambers, of the Champions' Rest, for courtesies received during his visit to the Quaker City.

ED. RYAN, the well known performer, will be tendered a benefit at Harry Hill's, on Thursday afternoon, Aug. 30, under the management of Jimmy Kelly and Jerry Murphy. All the boxers will attend.

THE New York Sun claims that the Sullivan and Slade contest lasted 8m and 20s. According to two capital quarter second stop watches, the actual fight lasted 7m 30s, as follows: First round, 3m; second, 3m; third, 1m 30s.

OWNEY GEOGHEGAN, the noted New York sporting man, is in San Francisco. He recently had a piece of his jaw taken off by an operation while suffering from a decayed tooth, but at last advises he had fully recovered.

HARTNETT and Sullivan, of Boston, are matched to compete with Altken and Lynch, of Providence, in seven competitions on the Boston Baseball Ground, Monday, Aug. 13, at 3 P. M. Thomas Butler, of Boston, will be referee.

RECENTLY in a two mile single scull race on the Merrimack River at Lawrence, Mass., David Kennedy easily vanquished Andrew Caffery for a stake of \$200, the former being handicapped in a working-boat, while the latter pulled a shell.

PROF. THIEBAUD BAUER called on Richard K. Fox on August 8, and stated that he was ready to wrestle Duncan C. Ross or John McMahon a match, mixed style, collar-and-elbow, catch-as-catch-can and Greco Roman, for \$500 a side.

DUPLEX ran seven furlongs at Monmouth Park on Aug. 9, carrying 116 pounds, in 1m 28s., only a quarter of a second slower than the best on record, made by Little Phil, carrying 111 pounds, over the Monmouth track on July 3, 1882.

HAL H. STODDARD, the Syracuse pugilist, who a few weeks ago was known as the POLICE GAZETTE's Unknown, is eager to box John L. Sullivan four three-minute rounds. Stoddard is a pugilist well worthy of the champion's notice.

ALEXANDER CUMMINGS, of the POLICE GAZETTE Life Saving Corps, will match his dog Tinker to fight any dog in America a fair scratch in turn fight, for \$500 or \$1,000. Here is an opportunity for some of the canine fanciers.

MIKE J. BYRNE and Henry Sharlow of Buffalo, N. Y., are matched to row two miles, with a turn, on the Erie Canal, between four and six o'clock P. M. Sept. 10, for \$100 a side. Ed. W. Drew is stakeholder, and John B. Greene will be referee.

ARTHUR CHAMBERS, mine host of the Champions' Rest, 922 Ridge avenue, Philadelphia, is final stakeholder and referee in the ten-mile running race for \$500 a side between Wm. Cummings and Wm. Steele, which is to be run at Blossburg, Pa., on Aug. 18.

THE fall regatta of the Newark Yacht Club is advertised to take place August 27. It will be an open regatta, and a large number of yachts are expected to be entered. Arrangements can be made with G. W. Adams, corner Market and Broad streets, Newark, N. J.

JOHN H. CLARK, the popular sporting man and retired pugilist, of Olympic Garden, Philadelphia, offers to match Gus Lambert or Dominick McCaffrey to box four or six rounds, Queensberry rules, for \$500 a side. Clark has posted a forfeit to prove he means business.

ABOUT 3,000 people attended the "Camp Fire" of Shaw Post, G. A. R., No. 112, at New Dorp, S. I., Aug. 9. The trot for 4-year old colts was won by Snowflake in 2:43. The walking match was won by a man named Wagner, and the 300-yard run was won by Frank Dolan.

ARTICLES of agreement were signed Aug. 8, 1883, between Harry N. Herber, amateur champion, and Erst Roeber, both of New York, by which they agree to wrestle a Greco-Roman match, according to the POLICE GAZETTE rules, for a \$50 gold medal, in Turn Hall, on Sept. 1.

ALEXANDER CUMMINGS, of the POLICE GAZETTE Life Saving Corps, on July 31, saved the life of Richard Clark, of 125 Eleventh street, New York, from drowning. This shows a score of seventy-four lives saved by Cummings, with the assistance of his partner, Charles McEnroe.

WM. MULDOON, the wrestler, is going to Australia. Bibby and Muldoon recently wrestled a drawn Greco-Roman match at San Francisco. Bibby (backed by Patsy Hogan) challenged Muldoon to wrestle again, but the latter refused. Bibby became disgusted and left Frisco for the East.

DURING the equestrienne race at Erie, Pa., Driving Park, on Aug. 2, for \$500, between Miss Myrtle Peck, the champion long distance rider of America, and Mme. Marante, champion bareback rider, the former was thrown from her horse on the eighth mile, and was picked up insensible.

BILL DAVIS, the noted pugilist, is in San Francisco. He has challenged Wm. Muldoon, the ex-policeman, of this city, to box four rounds. Many who were surprised to find how good a boxer Muldoon is, were probably not aware that Mike Donovan taught him how to use his mawleys.

AT Bangor, Me., Aug. 6, Marcellus Baker, of Boston, and John W. Robinson, of Bangor, boxed in presence of a large crowd. Robinson was to give Baker \$50 if he stood up four rounds. Baker stood up his four rounds and received the money. Baker's portrait appeared in our last issue.

THE Hon. Thomas Earley, of the Earley House, Lagrange street, Boston, has returned from Europe. Earley has gained in avoirdupois, and his trip appears to have done him good. Earley called on Richard K. Fox at this office and stated he intended to add more pictures to his gallery and book up boxing at the Club.

PADDY HUGHES, the champion jig dancer of the world, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Aug. 8, and posted \$50 with Richard K. Fox and issued a challenge to dance any man in the world a straight jig for \$5,000 a side and the championship of the world. Hughes' money means business, and any pedantic performer who is eager to arrange a match should cover it.

A DECIDED sensation has been created among horsemen by the announcement that J. I. Chase, of Racine, has purchased the great pacer Johnson of E. E. Smith, of Milwaukee, and Charles A. Mather, of Berlin, the joint owners, receiving the handsome sum of \$25,000 for the promising horse. It is said that Mr. Chase paid Smith \$15,000 for his interest in Johnson, and Mather \$10,000.

WHEN Billy Madden heard of the result of the Slade and Sullivan contest, he said: "I knew Sullivan would knock him out, but I supposed he would have settled him in a round. If Slade don't do better when he meets Mitchell on Sept. 11, we shall have a picnic." Mitchell is training for his fight with Slade, and he has won a legion of friends in Kansas City by his gentlemanly manner.

THE twenty-mile professional championship bicycle race was decided at the Belgrave Grounds, London, Eng., on July 14. The competitors were F. Wood (holder), R. Howell and F. Lees. The prize was the champion silver belt, value \$250, and \$500 in cash. Wood was again the winner in 1h 2m 40s, Howell second and Lees third. This is the best professional time on record for the distance.

THE bicycle race for the 50-mile amateur championship of England was decided at the Crystal Palace, London, England, on July 21. H. F. Wilson won, beaten eleven competitors. He went to the front at 25 miles, and was never after headed. He rode the distance in 2h 46m 23s. F. R. Frey came in second, beaten by 20 yds., and C. D. Vesey came in third, three miles behind the winner.

HANLAN, it is claimed, has a happy faculty of betting on sure things, but the last bet he made on what he considered a certainty cost him \$200. On Aug. 5 Hanlan bet \$200 that John O'Brien, of Excelsior, on Lake Minnetonka, could not take Plalsted's shell, deprived of its outriggers, and sit or stand in it and paddle around one minute without upsetting. It was won by O'Brien, who succeeded in managing the shell both sitting and standing.

A LARGE crowd assembled at Capt. Daly's East Side "Police Gazette" Sporting House on Aug. 9 to see Harry Force, of New York, and D. F. Conroy, of Boston, box six three-minute rounds. Conroy did not put in an appearance, which elicited a remark from one of the audience that he did not come from the same part of Boston as John L. Sullivan. Force came on the stage in ring costume and sparred three rounds with his trainer.

AT the Brighton, England, race meeting, Aug. 7, the Brighton Stakes (handicap) was won by Mr. R. Jardine's four-year-old bay filly Whin Blossom, with Sir F. Johnstone's five-year-old chestnut mare Thebals second, and Mr. R. Peck's five-year-old bay mare Heckness third. There were five starters. Whin Blossom won by six lengths. The betting at the start was 5 to 1 against Whin Blossom, 6 to 4 on Thebals, and 30 to 1 against Heckness.

As many sporting men have an idea that Slade is under the management of Richard K. Fox, we beg leave to state that Slade is under nine months' contract with Jim Mace. Mace and Slade were under the management of the POLICE GAZETTE three months ago, but as soon as Mr. Fox found Slade was not the great pugilist Mace claimed him to be, all connections with the ex-champion of England and his protegee were broken off. Mr. Fox had nothing to do with the late boxing match.

WM. B. ELLIOTT called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Aug. 9, and stated that an alleged sporting paper claimed that if he did not leave James Keenan, "that he would not have an undershirt to return to England with." Elliott states that James Keenan, of Boston, who backed him against Gaisel, paid his training expenses, bought him a boat, and gave him all the stakes in his race with Gaisel as soon as the race was rowed. This don't look as if Elliott will go back to England without an undershirt.

WILLIAM ANDERSON, of the Atlanta Casino, 155th street and Eighth avenue, and Owen Murphy, contested in a clam-opening match at McMahon's oyster house on Aug. 4. The conditions were to open 500 clams for \$50. Anderson fairly won the match, opening 499 to Murphy's 491. A dispute arose, and the referee declared Murphy the winner, although it is our opinion Anderson won the stakes, but he was "faked" out of them by a ring who were bound he should not win. Anderson called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on August 7 and stated he was ready to open any number of clams against Murphy from 500 to 1,000.

SINCE the great glove contest between Sullivan, the phenomenon pugilist, and Slade, the Maori, at Madison Square Garden, on August 6, there has been considerable discussion in regard to the merits of the pugilists, and many sporting men have tried to draw conclusions from that contest as to the approaching mill between Mitchell and Slade, which is to be fought within 200 miles of Omaha on September 11. Many claim Slade will win, while the majority put their faith in Mitchell, as he made a better fight with Sullivan than Slade did. Mitchell's chances of winning are the best, as it is well known he is game, and will not run away like Slade did in his contest with Sullivan.

Next Week's POLICE GAZETTE will contain exhaustive interviews and opinions with the leading sporting authorities of the country on the approaching Slade-Mitchell fight. Don't miss it, if you want to see the fight with your eyes open.

THE cricket match between the English and American teams of the Staten Island club, commenced on Saturday last, was resumed yesterday on the Tompkinsville grounds. The score of the first day's play stood—Americans, 127 first innings, with 69 for the Old Countrymen for eight wickets. The Englishmen only added four runs to their total when the side was dismissed. The Americans then began their second innings and made 72, of which E. W. Stevens hit 14 and W. M. Davidge 13. On Tuesday next the game will be finished.

JAMES R. DEEMEN, who backed William Herbert to run William Steele at Elmira, claims that Steele first agreed to lose the race and then "run it out" and won. Herbert's backer lost heavily, and he enjoined the stakes and bets held by the official stakeholder and Steele did not receive the purse, the stakeholder returning both men their money to avoid a lawsuit. If the POLICE GAZETTE had held the money we should have awarded it to Steele. No matter what agreement was made between Herbert and Steele the latter won, and the stakeholder had nothing to do but hand the money over to the winner.

A LARGE crowd of sporting men assembled at Harry Hill's theatre, on Aug. 7, expecting to see a match arranged between Mike Donovan, the ex-middleweight champion, and Wm. Sheriff, the Prussian. Arthur Chambers had posted \$250 with Harry Hill, and issued a challenge through the POLICE GAZETTE, offering to match Sheriff to box any man in America four three-minute rounds. Harry Martin, the popular sporting man, decided to match Donovan against the latest arrival from England. The principals and their backers were present. Donovan wanted to have the contest in Madison Square Garden. Sheriff wanted to have it private. Finally, Donovan's backer drew his money. Arthur Chambers deposited \$500 in the hands of Harry Hill for Sheriff to box any man four rounds, Marquis of Queensberry rules.

THE race for the Goodwood Cup at Goodwood, England, Aug. 2, was won by Mr. J. Johnstone's three-year-old chestnut colt Border Minstrel. Sir F. Johnstone's five-year-old bay mare Corrie Roy came in second, and Lord Palmouth's four-year-old brown filly Dutch Oven third. The other starters were Lord Ellesmere's six-year-old chestnut horse Wallenstein and Mr. F. T. Walton's, of New York, six-year-old chestnut mare Girofle. Girofle at a good pace made play for the others, and led by six clear lengths, until she was a quarter of a mile from home, when she and Wallenstein fell away, beaten. The remainder took close order, and a pretty race ensued, ending in favor of Border Minstrel, who crossed the line two lengths ahead of Corrie Roy, who was three-quarters of a length in advance of Dutch Oven, Girofle last. The winner's time was 5m and 8s.

SCOTT, the pugilist, who recently attempted to stop Harry Maynard in four three-minute rounds, is what may be styled a dummy. The contest between Maynard and Scott was not on the level, and both pugilists were well paid for trying to make the public believe the contest was a genuine one. We understand they each received \$150, while the party that managed the affair reaped a bonanza. It appears strange that the generous sport-loving denizens of San Francisco will stand being hoodwinked by pugilists and wrestlers in pretended matches for alleged stakes. Maynard, it is well known, will not put up a cent to fight any one, and Al. Hayman would not bet \$100 on a sure thing unless his money was secured by double that amount. Jack Brady, a novice Patsy Hogan brought out, bested Scott before he boxed with Maynard, so that the latter's reputation as a pugilist gains nothing by his alleged knocking out of Scott.

THE following is taken from the Troy Times: "Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, has made a handsome present to the Cigar Makers' Union, of this city. It is a gold medal valued at \$20, and is in three pieces, joined together by links. The medal is to be contested for in a foot race by the members of the union at their coming field day. The top part is intended as a place for the name of the winner. The bottom piece is the medal. It has a circle, inside of which is the figure of a man in the attitude of a pedestrian. Between these, and parallel with the top bar, is a cigar, on which are the words, 'Presented by Richard K. Fox.' It is a very pretty badge, and is all gold. The victor in the race will have reason to feel proud of such a trophy. A great deal of interest has spread among the members of the union in regard to the race since the arrival of the beauty, and a number of ambitious young men are preparing to compete for it. Let the best man win."

HOYLE and Aeton's 300-yard handicap at Pastime Park, Philadelphia, was a big success. The following is the result: First heat—W. Eisenhower, 26 yards start, first; W. Sheppard, 18, second, by six feet; Fred. Ernst, 14, third; J. Adams, 27, 0; E. White, 32, 0. Second heat—J. Coogan, 22, first; T. Bancroft, 17, second; C. Miller, 30, third; G. Wilde, N. R., 24, 0; W. Bergoon, 21, 0. Third heat—S. Cavanaugh, 28, first; J. McManus, 28, second; W. Campbell, 29, third; J. Fox, 26, 0; W. Latch, 25, 0; E. R. Cresswell, 12, 0. Fourth heat—T. Brown, 21, first; R. Plunkett, 16, second; J. McBride, 28, third; James John, 12, 0. Final heat—S. Cavanaugh, 28, first; J. Brown, 21, second; J. Coogan, 22, third; W. Eisenhower, 26, fourth. It being plain to the officials that the final heat had been fixed beforehand for Cavanaugh—against whom the odds were ten to one—to win. Brown, Coogan and Eisenhower were suspended from running on track for a year. Referee, Wm. Cummings; pistol firer, A. Chambers.

THE following sporting men called at the POLICE GAZETTE office last week: James E. Pilkington, James Keenan, of Boston; Arthur Chambers, Wm. Sheriff, the Prussian; Joe Aeton, Wm. Cummings, of Philadelphia; Tom Earley, of Boston; John Shanley, E. F. Mallahan, Jack Stewart, Andy Hanley, Dennis F. Butler, Eddy Hanley, Dr. L. C. Thomas James Killoran, of Troy, N. Y.; Harry Jennings, L. Tracy, C. A. C. Smith, Alderman Tom Denny, of Boston; Mike Cleary, Chief of Police Hawkins, of Delaware; John Pierson, winner of police championship swimming race, of Wilmington, Del.; J. W. Clark, of "Police Gazette" Park Sporting House, of Scranton, Pa.; Frank E. Lane, of New York; Wm. J. O'Meara, of Scranton, Pa.; J. Meeken, of Wilkesbarre, Pa.; Dan Riley, water purveyor; Harry Monroe, Gus Hill, John Dempsey, Tom McAlpine, James McGee, Robert McBride, Col. Ehland, of the Boston Globe; Peter Preddy, oarsman, of Pittsburgh; Wm. Elliott, oarsman; Bob Smith, Hiram W. Howe, Wm. F. McCoy, Dr. Lockhart, V. S.; Henry Orange, George Morton, Bob Smith, H. Herber, James Donnelly, Richard Toner, Matt Rocky Moore, Jimmy Kelly, Charley Norton, Jack Stewart.

THE great yacht race for the Golet Cups at Newport, R. I., on Aug. 6, was one of the grandest yachting regattas ever held in America. Nineteen vessels, among them the finest that ever stretched racing sails, came to the line, and the wind was fresh and steady throughout. There was less opportunity for windward work, perhaps, than some of the flyers might have wished, but then there was sufficient to test the yachts in that respect, so that victory has

fallen where it belongs. The Montauk, owned by Mr. Samuel R. Platt, won in the schooner class in magnificent style, and thus for the second time carries off the prize offered by Mr. Ogden Golet, of the schooner Norseman, which is now in European waters. The Gracie, the property of Messrs. Flint and Earle, sailed a race that adds greatly to her reputation, and she won in the sloop class. A private match was also decided at the same time between the sloop Vixen, owned by Mr. F. C. Lawrence, Jr., and the foreign built cutter Maggie, owned by Mr. George H. Warren, of Boston, a member of the Eastern Yacht club. This match was the outgrowth of the contests that took place between these boats off Marblehead last year, when the Vixen caused the cutter to strike her colors. The Vixen was again the winner, sailing a particularly game contest, and added another to her many memorable victories.

J. B. EDMONDS, the President of the Queen City Rowing Club of Buffalo, N. Y., on Aug. 5, forwarded the following challenge to Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, with \$100 forfeit, which will no doubt lead to a four-oared shell race for \$500 or \$1,000 between the Gookin-Caskin crew, of Boston, and the Queen City four. The following is the challenge:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE QUEEN CITY ROWING CLUB OF BUFFALO, N. Y.

Aug. 5, 1883.  
Richard K. Fox, Proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE:  
DEAR SIR—On behalf of the Queen City Rowing Club of Buffalo, N. Y., please insert the following challenge in the POLICE GAZETTE and oblige.

We hereby challenge the Gookin-Caskin four, of Boston, Mass., to row from three to five miles, with a turn, for \$500 a side, in best and best boats, the course to be agreed upon hereafter. Or we will enter a sweepstakes race, open to all, for from \$250 to \$500 a side, entrance fee for each crew. Having failed to induce the managers of the different regattas to offer a purse for four-oared shell racing this season, we take this course to revive the interest in four-oared professional shell racing. Hoping to hear from you, gentlemen, we remain, respectfully,

J. B. EDMONDS, President.

DEAN WILSON, Sec. Racing Com.  
P.S.—To prove we mean business we have forwarded you \$100 forfeit, and hope either the Gookins or the Caskin four will cover our money and arrange a match.

J. B. E.  
We received \$100 with the challenge, which is an evidence of business only being meant by the Queen City rowing club, and we hope the Gookins or the Caskin crew will at once respond to the def.

THE Interstate swimming match, open to all policemen in America, for the POLICE GAZETTE medal, offered for competition by Richard K. Fox, was decided on the Harlem river, New York, on Monday, Aug. 6. The distance was two miles; one mile and return. The starting point was Columbia College Boat Club house to Macomb's Dam Bridge and return. The starters were Dennis E. Butler, of Philadelphia, Henry G. Pfeifer, of the Twenty-eighth precinct, and John Pierson, of Wilmington, Del. Considerable interest was manifested in the affair and long before the hour set for the race the course was covered with racing craft. The eight oared barges of the Active Boat club and the Nonpareil went over the course, the former carrying Wm. E. Harding, the referee. At 2:45 P. M. the contestants drew lots for positions. Pierson had the New York, Butler the center, and Pfeifer, the Westchester shore. At 3:20 the eight-oared barges of the Active and Nonpareil boat clubs were manned and agreed to row over the course. A large crowd assembled to witness the race, and the river was alive with small craft. At 3:15 o'clock the contestants were rowed out into the river and at 3:20 they dived into the water. Butler was up first and soon gained a decided lead, the Delaware champion following, with the New York champion last. Butler kept in front, swimming an overhand stroke. At the N. Y. A. bathhouses Butler was 300 yds ahead of the Delaware man, and Pierson was 50 yds ahead of Pfeifer. Approaching the bridge Pierson rapidly gained on Butler, and when within 100 ft of Macomb's Dam he passed him. Pierson swam to the bridge, one mile, in 41m. Butler in 45m and Pfeifer 52m. On the return Butler took cramps, and had to be taken from the water. Pfeifer fell 50 ft behind that he gave up, and Pierson finished swimming the two miles in 1h and 16m, winning the Police Swimming Championship of America. Butler put in a protest against awarding the medal to Pierson, but Mr. Fox stood by his representative's decision, and on Aug. 7 Pierson, accompanied by Chief of Police Hawkins, of Wilmington, Del., called at the POLICE GAZETTE office and received the trophy.

At the time James Keenan, of the "Police Gazette" Shades, 95 Portland street, Boston, and James Pilkington, of the Golden Oar, Harlem, met at the POLICE GAZETTE office to arrange a single-scull race between George Gaisel and Wm. Elliott, boating men had an idea that Gaisel would win just as easily as Hanlan did with Ross. The match was made nevertheless. Keenan put up \$300 on behalf of Elliott and Pilkington put up the same amount on behalf of Gaisel. The race was to be three miles, with a turn. Richard K. Fox was chosen final stakeholder, and Mr. Wm. F. McCoy, of 91 South street, was chosen referee. The race was rowed on Aug. 6, at Newark, N. J. Both men were in good condition, and Gaisel was the favorite. Elliott's shell weighed 30 pounds, Gaisel's 32, both having wind sails. Both men struck the water together. Elliott, starting out with a 35 stroke to Gaisel's 32, soon pushed the nose of his boat to the front, and at the end of the first half mile showed a full length of clear water between the boats. At the end of the first mile Elliott had quickened his pace to 42 and seemed, even with that to retain his lead with difficulty, though Gaisel was rowing the same 32 stroke. The difference in the styles of rowing was more plainly noticeable. Elliott's stroke is a nervous jerk, catching the water suddenly and leaving it as quickly. Gaisel's, on the other hand, is a long sweep, in which every muscle of back, arms and legs are made to do full duty. The latter is by far the weaker man, showing plainly a lack of staying qualities. Elliott turned the stake boat first, having made the mile and a half in 11m. At the turn Gaisel seemed to lose, for immediately afterward at least four lengths were visible between the boats. Returning, Elliott took Gaisel's water, and reduced his stroke to 38. Here the race was virtually ended, though Gaisel, in response to cheers and calls for a spurt, increased his stroke to 35 at the end of the second mile. He reduced Elliott's lead to two lengths, and with both men in this relative position the race was finished. The official time as taken on the referee's boat was 20m 40s. After the race Richard K. Fox paid the stakes, \$600, to the winner.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.  
TONIC FOR OVERWORKED MEN.  
Dr. J. C. WILSON, Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have used it as a general tonic, and in particular in the debility and dyspepsia of overworked men, with satisfactory results."



WE have letters for the following parties lying at the POLICE GAZETTE office: Billy Madden (3), Charley Mitchell (1), James Carlin, James D. King, George W. Wingate, Miss Ida Wallace, Mlle. Von Blumen, Frank White, Mr. Twiss, Henry W. Taylor, Manager Colored B. C. C.; Frank Seton, Captain Matthew Webb, William Muldoon (2), Louis R. Miller, Frank Rose, L. E. Myers (2), G. W. Moore (Poney), Prof. William McClellan, O. Lewis, John Lacey, Homer Lane, E. T. Johnston, Dick Garvin, E. W. Hackett, Charles Courtney, Maurice Murphy, Frank C. Dobson, Billy Edwards, E. O. Ball, Chas. Collins, Clarence Whistler, Thomas Cannon, Frank Seton, D. F. Tuomey.

THE next claimant for the honorable distinction of being knocked out by the champion is Paddy Ryan, of Troy, who fought Sullivan at New Orleans and was badly beaten. Ryan wants the match to take place within seven weeks. Sullivan, however, wishes the fight to come off in Boston, but there no hall can be secured until January. Ryan has been training for two weeks under Joe Coburn, and says he has taken down 15 pounds in that time. He will meet Sullivan, if the match is arranged, at 190 pounds. Ryan says that it is all owing to his being beaten by Sullivan in New Orleans that the champion has made such a reputation, and thinks it is only due to him that Sullivan should agree to fight him, but he declines to fight in Boston. Charles E. Davies, of Chicago, is Ryan's manager.

## TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS.

HOW MR. CHARLES D. THOMPSON, OF THIS CITY, WAS AGREEABLY SURPRISED.

It having been announced that Mr. Charles D. Thompson, dealer in human hair and elegant wax figures, at No. 32 East Fourteenth street, was the fortunate holder of whole ticket No. 6,783, which drew the third capital prize of \$10,000 in the last drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery (July 10), a reporter of the *News* called upon him to ascertain the facts in the case. Mr. Thompson was very averse to saying anything about the matter at first, and was indignant that the affair should have been made public, "for," said he, "I am not in the habit of investing money on such ventures, and I would not have it thought that such was the case. But a friend of mine who was intending to let me to M. A. Duphin, New Orleans, La., for a ticket, bawled me to try my luck, and on the spur of the moment I consented. 'In for a penny, in for a pound,' was my motto, so I sent ten dollars by express, with an order for one whole, two two-fifths and one-fifth tickets. They came by due course of mail, and I drew them into my safe and charged the amount to the debit side of the profit and loss account. Shortly after I left for Cape May, and while there I received a letter marked 'Persons,' which upon opening I found to be a copy of the drawing. As I did not have the tickets with me, and not knowing the numbers, I did not know until my return to the city that one of my tickets had drawn \$1,000.

"What did you do, Mr. Thompson, when you saw that one of your numbers had drawn the third capital prize?" "I went to the telegraph office and telegraphed the number to Mr. Duphin, asking if it was correct. He replied by telegraph that it was. I then went to the office of the A. M. Express Company and handed my ticket to them for collection. They said they would collect it for \$7 on the \$10,000. I placed it in their hands, took their receipt, and I have received the money, less their commission."

"I suppose you feel very much elated over your good fortune?"

"No more so, sir, in fact, than I would feel had I made the money in stocks or anything of a similar nature. As a matter of course, I am glad I got the money, but I cannot say that I feel very elated."

Mr. Thompson explained his reticence, when first approached on the subject, by saying that at that time he had not received the money, and there were so many slips between the cup and the lip that he did not feel as though he would be justified in saying anything until he had the money in his hand. "Now," said he, "I don't care so much, but I would rather that the matter had not got out, as it might lead persons to imagine that I have been in the habit of speculating in this or some other manner, which is not the case. I confine myself to my legitimate business, and, as I said before, was drawn into this by the solicitation of a friend. It was a pretty good draw, though. Good day."—*New York Daily News*, July 27.

SKINNY MEN.

"Well's Health Ren-er" restores health and vigor Cures Dyspepsia, Impotence, Nervous Debility. \$1

## COPPER COLORED.

I have been afflicted with a troublesome skin disease, covering almost completely the upper part of my body, causing my skin to assume a copper-colored hue. It could be rubbed off like dandruff, and at times causing intolerable itching and the most intense suffering. I have used blood purifiers, pills and other advertised remedies, but experienced no relief until I procured the CUTICURA REMEDY, which although used carelessly and irregularly, cured me, allaying that terrible itching, and restoring my skin to its natural color. I am willing to make affidavit to the truth of this statement.

MILAN, MICH.

S. G. BUXTON.

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Captain James C. Daly, the Irish Champion Athlete: "Police Gazette" Sporting Hall, 295 Avenue A, between 15th and 16th streets. Boxing and wrestling every night by champions of the arena. Daly is always ready and on hand to box and wrestle all comers.

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Jem Coyne's Sporting House, "The Office," cor. Hamilton and Columbia sts., Newark, N. J.

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Lynch's Diamond Store at No. 925 Broadway, near 21st street, New York. The best place to secure bargains in all kinds of jewelry and antiques. It is the best place in the city for bargains in diamonds and the firm has constantly on hand the finest assortment of diamonds, ear-rings, crosses, studs, rings, pink pearls, cats' eyes and all kinds of precious stones, silverware and antiques at 25 per cent below any other house. Don't forget Lynch's, 925 Broadway, New York city.

D. Keller, 21 John Street, N. Y. Manufacturer of Medals. Special designs will be furnished on application. A large assortment of American Watches in gold and silver cases. Also a full line of Diamonds at the lowest cash prices.

## MAINE MEN.

From Bath, Me., we have received under date of May 15 1893, the following statement of GEO. W. HARRISON, the popular proprietor of "The Restaurant": "A few years since I was troubled so severely with kidney and bladder affection that there was brick dust deposits in my urine, and continual desire to urinate, with severe, darting, sharp, pains through my bladder and side, and again, dull, heavy pressure, very tedious to endure. I consulted one of our resident physicians, but I received no benefit from the treatment, and fearing that my symptoms indicated 'Bright's Disease,' the most dreadful of all diseases, I made up my mind that I must obtain relief speedily or I would be past cure. I consulted my druggist, Mr. Webber, and after ascertaining my symptoms, he recommended the use of Hunt's Remedy, as he knew of many successful cures effected by that medicine in similar cases here in Bath. I purchased a bottle, and before I had used the first bottle I found I had received a great benefit, as I suffered less pain, my water became more natural, and I began to improve so much that the second bottle effected a complete cure; and my thanks are due to Hunt's Remedy for restored health, and I cheerfully recommend this most valuable and reliable medicine to my friends, as I consider it a duty as well as a pleasure to do so."

"Being well acquainted with Mr. George W. Harrison at the time of his sickness, referred to in the foregoing testimonial, I can certify to the correctness of the statement made by him."

W. G. WEBBER, Druggist.

BATH, ME., May 15, 1893.

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Notice to Sporting Men.—Life Size Pictures of Charles Mitchell, the champion pugilist of England, will be furnished by John Woods, the well-known theatrical and sporting photographer of 208 Bowery, N. Y. The portraits of the champions are all copyrighted, and can only be furnished by John Woods, the "POLICE GAZETTE" photographer.

Notice.—Lost on July 18, at Boat Race at Ogdensburg, N. Y., a plain box, plain box joint. Monogram on front, C. W. Mc.; on back, 1892. Movement, A. M. Watch Co., Hill street, Waltham Mass., No. 1340442. If returned to Messrs. Seaman & McClair, Ogdensburg, N. Y., a liberal reward will be paid and no questions asked.

Horsemen.—Headquarters for all articles used by horsemen, works on the horse, horse pictures, road, track and racing pictures, celebrated horses, 200 subjects; veterinary instruments and horse goods of every description. Price list of 50 articles mailed free. J. H. TUTTLE, 78 Nassau street, N. Y.

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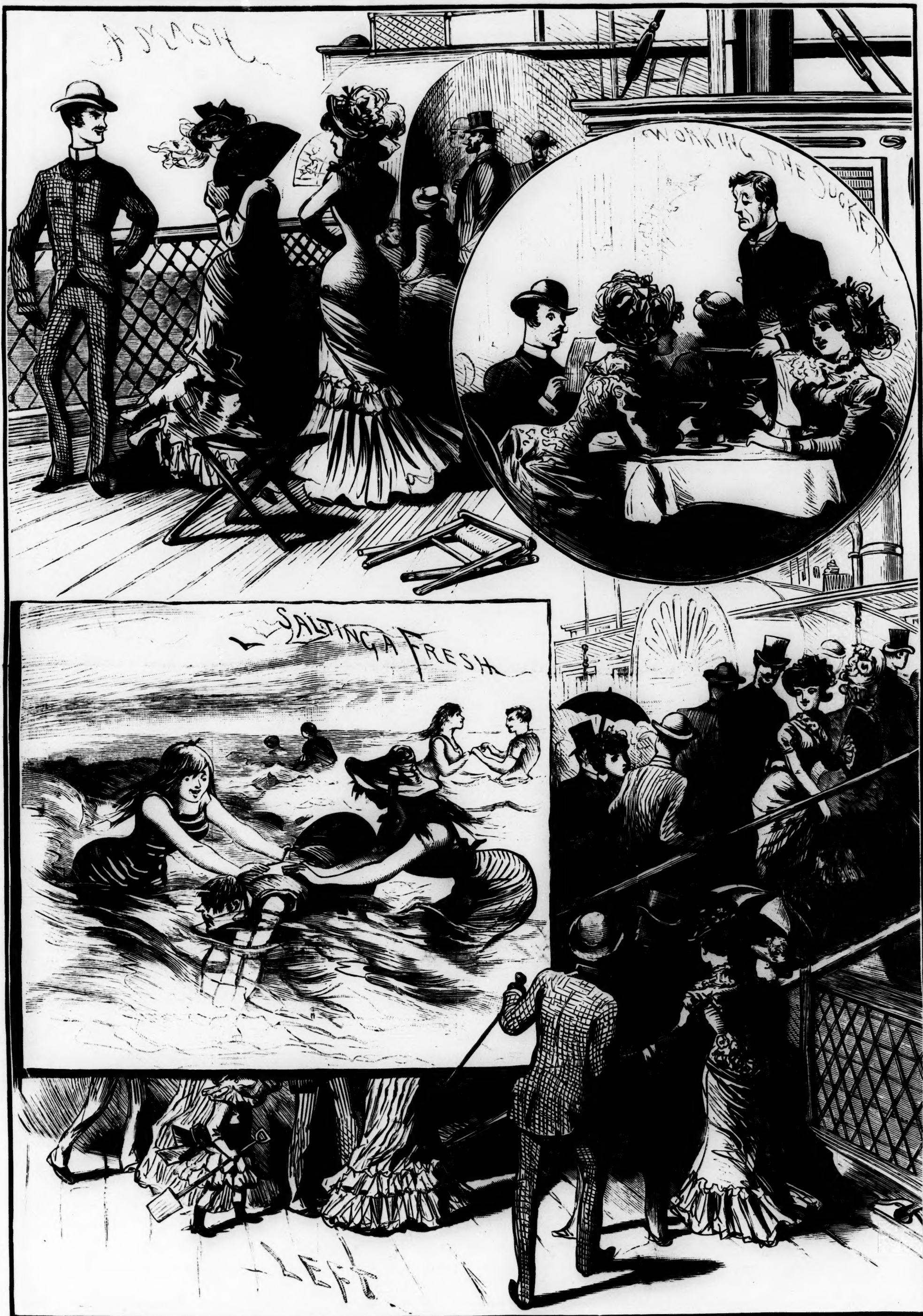
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